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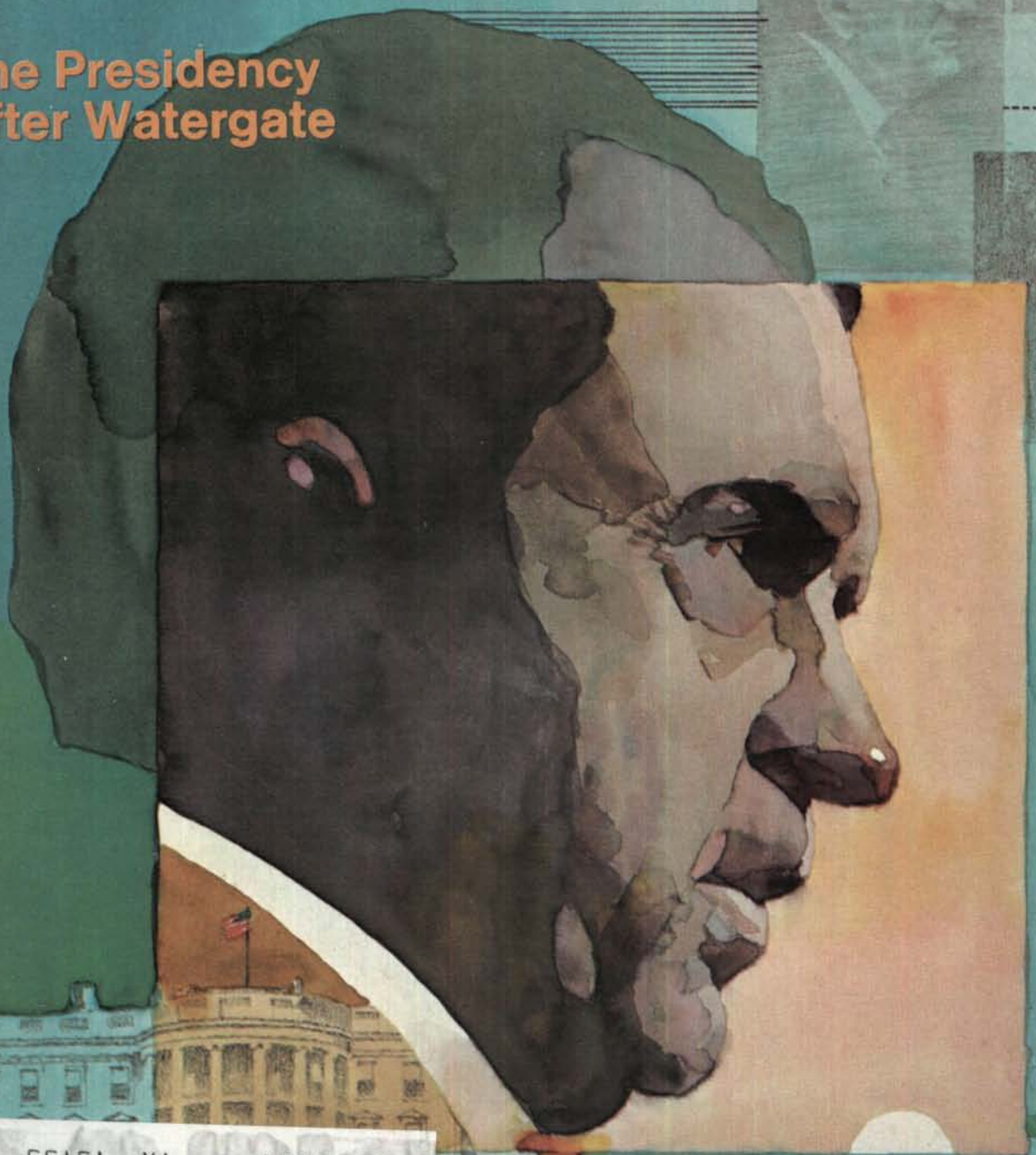

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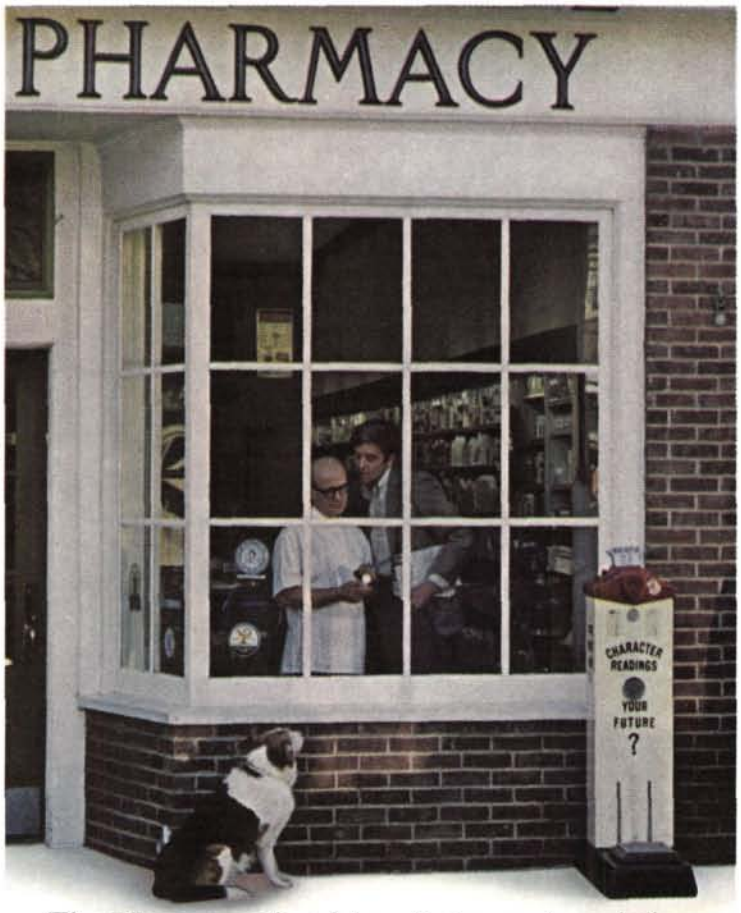

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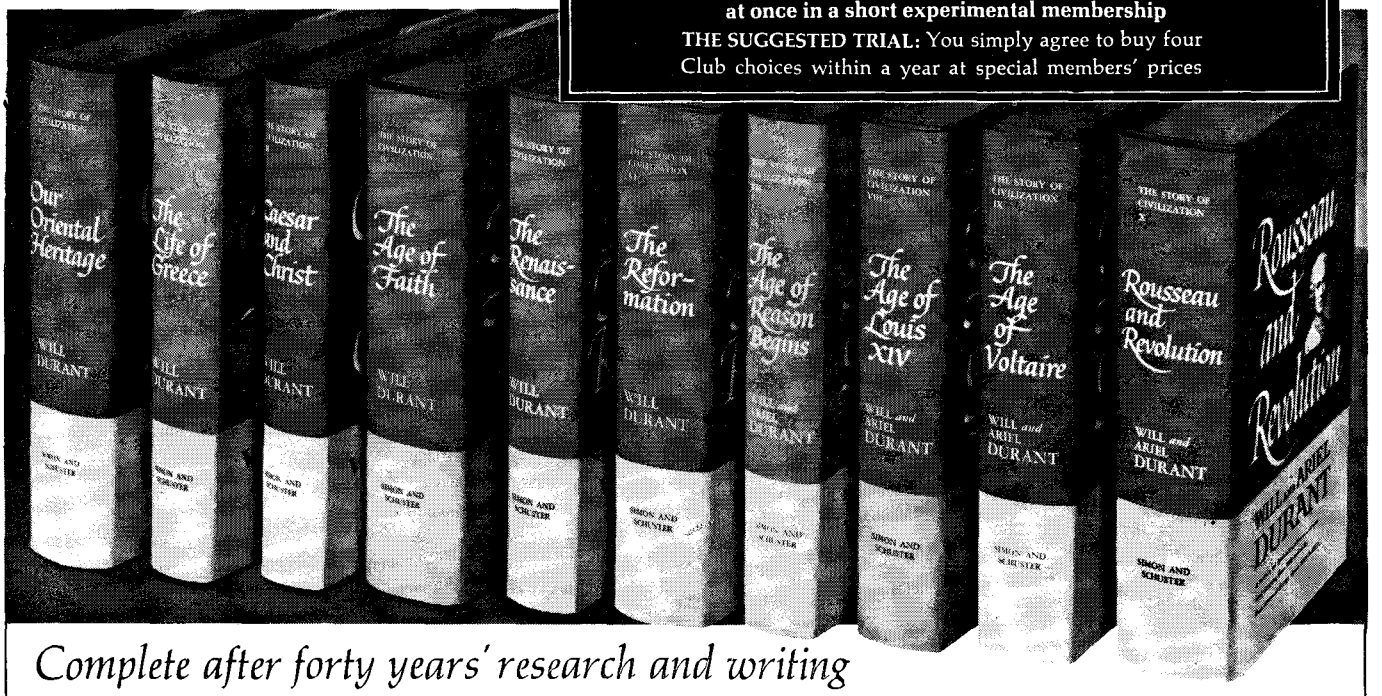

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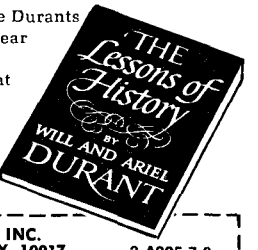

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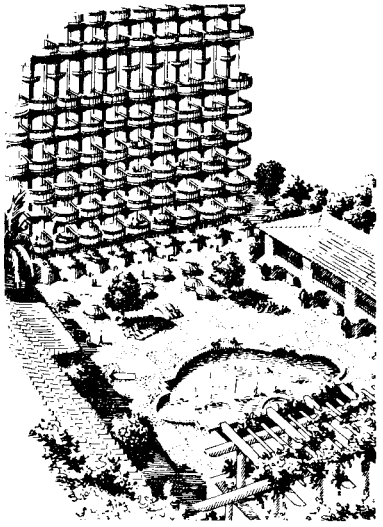

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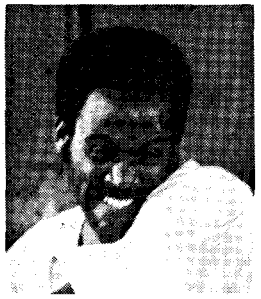

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World Progress Report

Earth-Shattering News

California Institute of Technology scientists have refined a technique for predicting earthquakes and perhaps eventually controlling their destructive forces. Suggested by earlier research in the Soviet Union and at Columbia University, the technique depends on interpretation of changing pressure-wave activity deep in the earth as quake forces slowly build toward release.

According to Dr. Don L. Anderson, head of Cal Tech's seismological laboratory, the change in pressure-wave activity occurs when increasing stresses widen existing fissures deep in the bedrock, reducing the rock's likelihood of rupturing and causing a quake. At the same time, pressure on the water trapped in these fissures is relieved, so that they become less efficient as transmitters of pressure waves. As water seeps into the enlarged spaces, water pressure rises again along with the stress on the rock until a quake occurs. Thus, using a series of explosions to make pressure waves and measuring their changing rate of travel, scientists can predict the timing and intensity of a future quake.

In the case of major earthquakes, the California scientists suggest that the lead time offered by this technique may be as long as forty years. For smaller quakes, such as the 1971 San Fernando, California, disaster that claimed fifty-nine lives and caused $500-million worth of damage, the telltale signs may be discernible only three-and-one-half years before the earth begins to move—but still plenty of time for taking precautionary or preventive measures.

The role of high water pressure in conducting earthquake stresses—as well as pressure waves—offers the possibility that quakes can be modulated by pumping water in and out of wells drilled in fault areas. This procedure has already proved successful at the Rangely oil field in Colorado. ANTHONY WOLFF

Power to the Court

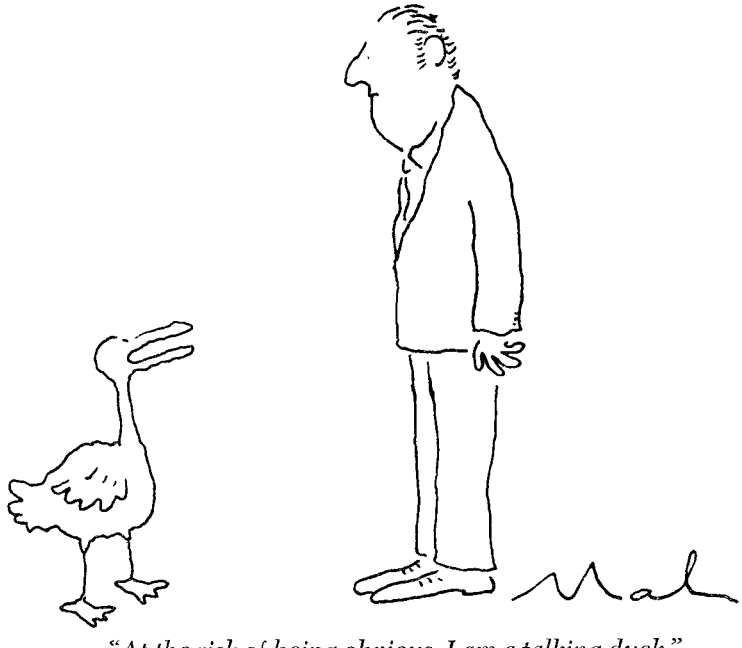
In recent weeks several moves have been made here and abroad to widen and strengthen the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice at The Hague. Most important of these is a Senate resolution submitted by Senators Alan Cranston of California and Robert Taft, Jr., of Ohio, calling on the United States to put the weight of its public opinion and political prestige behind measures that would improve and shore up the International Court's power to settle disputes between nations and make them stick.

Senate Resolution 77 states that the original idea in Chapter VI of the United Nations was to establish an International Court of Justice that would settle any legal dispute between nations after an affirmative vote by the Security Council, and that this settlement would be taken as final and binding upon the parties involved. This has not been the case in practice. Too many nations have refused to abide by the findings of the International Court, and a few have simply ignored its existence. The current Senate resolution calls on the President of the United States to undertake negotiations with other member states of the United Nations to declare formally that there is such a jurisdiction as the International Court of Justice at The Hague, that all members of the United Nations recognize as compulsory and without reservation their duty to accept the findings of the court, and that everything possible should be done within the framework of the United Nations under Chapter VI of the U.N. Charter to make the International Court of Justice what it was intended to be in the beginning—a forum in which major disputes between nations can be settled once and for all.

Officials at the United Nations for some time have felt strongly about shoring up the International Court of Justice. Constantin Stavropoulos, under-secretary-general of the United Nations and its legal counsel, wrote to WORLD MAGAZINE recently:

> It is deeply regrettable that when the Statute of the International Court of Justice was adopted at San Francisco in 1945, proposals to make the jurisdiction of the court compulsory—rather than voluntary—were not accepted. If such automatic compulsory jurisdiction had been the rule, I am sure that some of the existing international disputes between states would have been solved a long time ago.
>
> While it might be too much to hope that, at the present stage of the development of international relations, states would agree to solve in court matters which touch on their vital interests, there are many other issues arising between states where the International Court of Justice could provide the solution.
>
> Recently there has been an unfortunate tendency by states—including previous supporters of the court—to refuse to enter even an appearance in cases brought against them before the court by other states. If this were to continue, the prestige and authority of the court could be seriously damaged to the detriment of the international community as a whole. Any efforts to reverse this tendency and to strengthen the court are thus particularly welcome at this time.

RICHARD L. TOBIN



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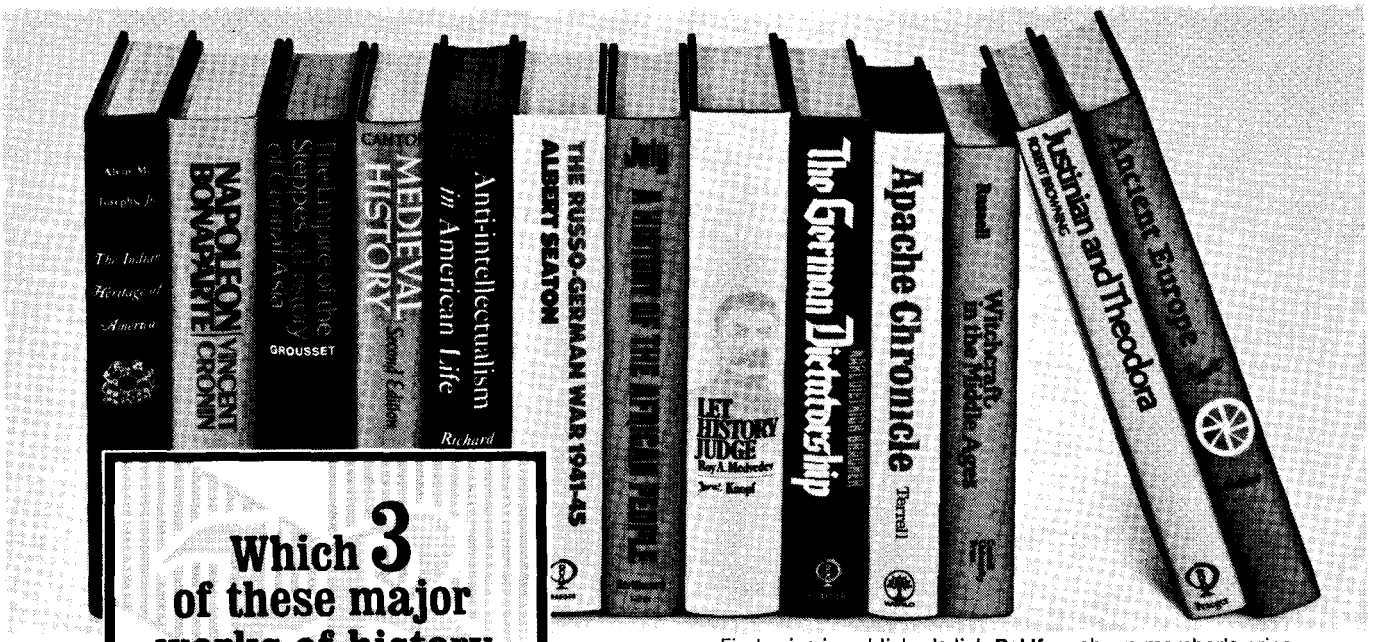

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Top of theWorld

by Goodman Ace

How a Person Could Not Know What's Been Going On

The man is so far to the Right he makes Barry Goldwater, Bill Buckley, and Archie Bunker seem like Communists. For some months I have been his breakfast partner at the drugstore counter.

Our relationship began casually and cordially enough, as we drifted in, and good-morninged, and dipped into our Cream of Wheat, while we skimmed, and verbalized pleasantly, over the headlines of our papers.

But as the news grew hotter, our relationship cooled perceptibly. Shamefully, I admit it was my fault. Not that I argued with his views. Actually I seemed to be agreeing. Until he reached his point. Then I would ask some naïve question, and he was hoist with his own petard. For example:

It was the day the front-page story was that the United States was talking about rehabilitating North Vietnam. "How about this?" I asked, pretending shock and dismay. "Nixon is figuring on sending six-hundred million dollars to rehabilitate Hanoi. I thought they were our enemy."

"Sure they are," said my man. "That's that damn Marshall Plan."

"Marshall?" I asked.

"Sure! George Marshall, that Democrat with Truman. He was the one who rehabilitated Germany and Japan after we licked them, spending the taxpayers' money to build up our enemies. That was the Marshall Plan."

"Oh yes," I said meekly. "I kinda remember that Marshall Plan. But I suppose now we'd have to call this one the Nixon Plan, wouldn't we?"

The next morning he sat one stool removed from me. Testing a man's vulnerabilities is fun for the tester but not for the testee. I should have stopped then, but I didn't. Reading my newspaper, I said, "Well, I didn't know about this!"

"What's that?" he asked as, like the fly, he stepped into my parlor.

"It says here," I made up, "that the President has a physical disability."

"Yeh? What kind?"

"It seems he has a hearing impairment."

"Hearing impairment? I didn't know that."

"He must have, or how could he not have heard what they were plotting right in his own offices?"

The next day he sat two stools removed. But that didn't stop him from taking up where he had left off.

"The trouble with you is," he said in lieu of good morning, "you believe everything you hear on TV. They're trying to prove our President knew all about Watergate. That's all hearsay evidence."

"Well," I said, "I like hearsay evidence, don't you? It gives the hearings a little pizzazz. Facts can be pretty dull, don't you think?"

"History will prove he knew nothing about it," he said. "You wait and see."

The next couple of days he didn't show up. Probably somewhere waiting for the history books to come out with the proof that he, and all of us, so earnestly hoped for. It was during that lull in our morning meetings that I began thinking he might have a point. None of the evidence had proved the President knew, and it occurred to me there was a way he could *not* have known.

Let us say it is early in February a year ago. A man and his wife are preparing to take a month's trip to China. They are making last-minute arrangements.

He asks her, "Did you leave a note for the milkman to stop delivering for a month? I don't want that front lawn piled high with bottles."

"I did that. I also called the gas and electric company," she says.

"Good. I called the phone company to cut off the hot line for a month. And do you know what they had the nerve to tell me? They charge $6.68 plus tax for what they call a 'temporary suspension of service.' I ought to write a law about that. But what's the use? You can't fight City Hall. Now how about the newspaper boy?"

"Yes, I told him to stop both papers till we get back."

"That reminds me," he said. "Do we really need two papers? Pat Buchanan prepares a daily digest of the morning paper for me. Like this one today. It says a man in North Dakota grew a thirty-four-pound turnip, and Charlie Brown lost a ball game because Snoopy got hit on the head with an infield pop fly. And the temperature at San Clemente was seventy-six. Hank Aaron hit another home run. Secretary of State Rogers returned from a trip to the Middle East—oh, so that's where he was!—and the temperature at Key Biscayne was eighty-two. So you see, I get all the highlights in this digest. We don't need the morning paper. What I'll do is keep the evening *Washington Star* and cancel the morning *Washington Post*."

And that's how a person could not know what's been going on. □

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

The Chaos Club

As I was saying, the Chaos Club consists of just about the most independent, erudite, and heretical collection of brains that can be assembled in one room by the picky Board of Governor. From them I have learned the most surprising, fascinating, and useless information you can imagine.

I leave every session of the august circle persuaded that there is no correlation between I.Q. and political judgment, between intelligence and insight, between erudition in one field and horse sense in another. The latter can't be taught—or learned. Some people have it; some people never will. What's true of the human race is no less true of my revered fellow-Chaoseers.

For instance, the other night at the club, Clarence MacToosh announced that after twenty-three years as a dues-paying atheist, he had come around to believing in God again.

"Um—but *why*?" asked Homer Hamish.*

MacToosh quipped: "Only the existence of a merciful deity can explain the continuing existence of the United States, given the economic idiocy of 92.7 percent of our government programs for four decades!"

Of course, the point was irrefutable; so Homer Hamish turned on me, blurting bluntly: "Do *you* believe in God, buster?"**

"Homer," the Board of Governor interrupted, "you have broken two club rules: (1) bluntly asking, (2) a comprehensible question. Rosten, you need not answer."

"I have been asked that question many times," I foxed.

"*Well* said," murmured Oswald Phlegm.

"And how did you answer?" asked cunning Hamish.

"Out of order," ruled the Board of Governor.

The thing I *like* about the Chaos Club is the way its members fling around outlandish bits of knowledge. Here, for instance, are some data that recently enriched my life:

Mush! Mush!

It's hard for a lover of old movies to accept this fact, but if you (or anyone else) tried to start up an Eskimo dog team by yelling, "Mush! Mush!" the dogs would either sneer or spit—and remain inert. And any Eskimo within earshot would think you either an idiot or a gent with a vocal defect.

The Eskimos have thirty different words for *snow* depending on its characteristics (*igluksaq* means snow fit for building an igloo, but *pukak* means snow that rather resembles sugar); but they *never* cry, "Mush! Mush!" to get a dog team going. What they do shout, I do not know. Nor does Peregrine Usufruct, the Chaoseer who told us this. He only knows that the magic word is *not* "mush." Damn!

Columbus

Any sixth-grader will tell you that our continent received its name from or for Amerigo (or Americus) Vespucci—because Columbus did not know what he had discovered, thinking he had sailed to India, and it was good old Amerigo Vespucci who announced the New World. But Basil Cottle's *Dictionary of Surnames* declares that John Cabot's voyage to the New World in 1498 was financed, in large part, by an English man named Richard Ameryk!

Cottle does not guarantee that our continent was named after Ameryk but maintains that Ameryk's *right* to being eponymous clearly surpasses that of the "frivolous" Vespucci. (The *frivolous* is Cottle's.)

President Atchison

You may ask whether I contributed any goodies to those faithfully chronicled here. I certainly did.

What would you say if I told you that one President of the United States was named David Rice Atchison? (I can guess, and you should be ashamed of yourself.)

But David Rice Atchison *was* President of the United States—from March 4, 1849, through March 5, 1849. He was never *elected* President, mind you; he was a senator from Missouri who, on March 2, 1849, became president pro tem of the Senate because the then Veep, George M. Dallas (I'm not dreaming this up) resigned. Now, President James Polk officially left office at 1 o'clock, Sunday, March 4. David Atchison thus was President, technically, until Zachary Taylor was sworn in.

Atchison mischievously appointed a cabinet and often boasted that his administration was so popular and so incorruptible that there was "no removal of a single appointment *during my whole term*!" No other President, before or since, could come within a mile of making that statement.

This sort of rhubarb can't occur again, I should tell you, because we have amended the Constitution: The line of succession now runs from President to v.p. to Speaker of the House, not president of the Sen– – but what am I saying?

Mice and Cheese

Do mice prefer cheese to other food? They do not. We must face the fact that in a historic experiment whole colonies of mice were offered a variety of foods, including the most pungent "rat cheese"—and guess what their favorite food was? Gumdrops.

Don't argue with me; the Chaos nut who told me this cited *The Cheese Book*, by Marquis and Haskel. *Gum*drops!

Adam's Rib

The Sumerian myth (which the story in *Genesis* echoes) about the creation of woman involves a boo-boo anent the Sumerian word *ti*. This word means, or meant (I'm no expert on Rotarians, much less Sumerians), two things: "rib" and "to make live."

Some translator along the long, long line of those who fed their work into one or another versions of one or another source of what became one or another book of the Bible, rendered the word *ti* in such a way as to give us the account of Eve's having been created out of Adam's "rib."

Note to men's lib: I am only reporting.

The Big, Bad Wolf

The nasty reputation of the wolf is a rank injustice. Wolves seldom, if ever, attack a human being. (I don't care *what* you learned from Little Red Riding Hood or have seen in pictures of Russian troikas pursued by slavering wolves, speeding across Siberia while babies are desperately clutched in—or thrown out with—shawls.)

Nor is anything more inaccurate than using the word *wolf* to describe the libidinous makers of passes at girls with or without glasses. The truth is that male wolves never lead a wolfess astray; in fact, wolves are stricter monogamists than men are. The male wolf is adamantly faithful for as long as his wife lives. If she dies, he goes into a lifelong celibate depression. He rarely sparks up to another female. He is also among the few male mammals who devotedly help in the raising of their cubs. (For these and other tonics, I was told to browse through Pimlott and Ritter, *The World of the Wolf*.) ❑

© 1973 by Leo Rosten.

(This is the second part of a two-part series.)

*All names are real although they do not belong to the persons to whom they are given here.

**"Buster" is Homer's way of joking; he knows my name is not "Buster."

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Keep Out of the Reach of Children Cereals are healthy for TV, no so healthy for kids. A hard look at American way of breakfast, with cost and nutrient analyses of 33 breakfast foods. Other articles have examined baby foods, hamburger, water fluoridation.

Strip Mining: The Prostitution of America. And the disgrace. Richard Cramer suggests other choices.

Obscenity and Ecology. Joseph Sorrentino wonders why cops and courts go after porno peddlers with such zeal, while letting polluters sock it to society with such impunity.

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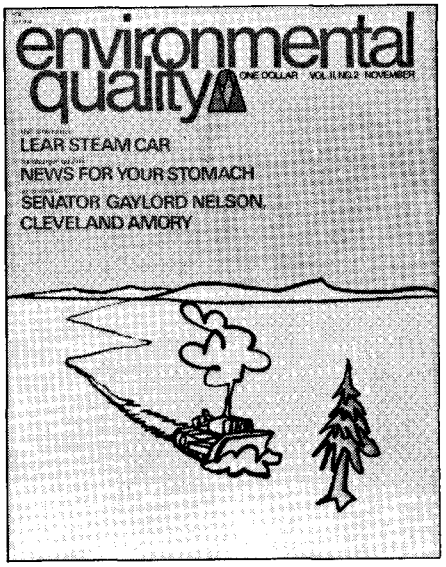

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BIRTH OF SR/W

On June 22, I sat in the back row of a courtroom in San Francisco and listened to lawyers for debtors and creditors present to Federal Judge Lynn J. Gillard their recommendations for the future of the *Saturday Review*.

The court session was the culmination of eight weeks of negotiations that began on April 20 when John Veronis, president of *Saturday Review*, informed us that *SR* had just suspended publication and was filing for bankruptcy within forty-eight hours. He said that he, Nicolas Charney, and the other members of their board of directors wanted to entrust the future of the magazine to us. The general plan outlined by Mr. Veronis envisioned the participation of WORLD in the reorganization of *SR* under Chapter 11 of the bankruptcy laws. This meant, in effect, that we would join the owners of the *Saturday Review* in dealing with creditors and in meeting the various problems attending the bankruptcy.

As matters developed in subsequent meetings, however, it became apparent to us that it might be unwise to proceed along these lines. The situation confronting us was beyond our reach. There were almost 400 creditors whose claims ranged all the way from a few dollars to more than a million dollars. The unpaid bills to Norton Simon, Inc., alone, came to more than $2,000,000.

The employees of *Saturday Review* had claims for almost $750,000 in back salaries, severances, vacation pay, and unpaid moving-van bills dating from *SR*'s shift from New York to California. The first estimate we saw of total indebtedness was about $4,000,000. Six weeks later the figure was a million higher and still rising. Another complication was that four companies were involved in the bankruptcy—Saturday Review Company, Saturday Review, Inc., Saturday Review Industries, Inc., and SRI, Inc. The magazine was published by Saturday Review Company, which was indirectly controlled by Saturday Review Industries, which also owned the Saturday Review Press and Book Club. SRI, Inc., was part of the total corporate picture.

I discussed all these complications with WORLD's publisher, S. Spencer Grin, and Joseph Iseman, our lawyer. It seemed clearly beyond our means—emotional as well as physical—to become directly concerned with the reorganization, with all that was involved in dealing with creditors and the courts. The only thing that seemed to us to make sense was to try to buy two of the assets—the name of the magazine and the subscription list.

Mr. Leon Marcus, lawyer for the creditors' committee, opposed this approach. He contended it was illegal to buy the principal asset of a firm in bankruptcy. Joe Iseman, our New York counsel, argued that this point did not apply in the present case. He was joined in that opinion by Lawrence Goldberg, who represented us in San Francisco.

The lawyers' meetings droned on day after day. As I look back on that eight-week period, I have the sense of an unending legal sprawl. It seemed to me the conferences were continuous without continuity. What seemed to be a general agreement at the end of one long and exhausting meeting was hardly even remembered when the next meeting began. I lost my temper once and stalked out of a meeting. Since I can't recall now exactly what the argument was about, I must assume I had succumbed to the terrors of fatigue.

WHAT DID WE talk about? Even without reference to the main point—extricating ourselves from the reorganization and confining ourselves to our offer for the prime assets—we talked about the complications attending the transition.

For example, we talked about the continued use of the name Saturday Review by the press and book club after these enterprises were severed from the magazine. We had, of course, no intention of going into the book business. One of my reasons for resigning as *Saturday Review*'s editor in December 1971 was that I felt there was a conflict of interest between the book-reviewing function and the book-publishing or distributing function.

The Saturday Review Press was less of a problem in the negotiations than the Saturday Review Book Club, if only because negotiations for the sale of the press had virtually been completed even before we came into the picture. One of the provisions in the agreement with the buyer, E. P. Dutton and Company, was that the use of the name Saturday Review Press would be discontinued after two years.

Since the Saturday Review Book Club had not yet been sold, there was still time for us to argue against the future use of *SR*'s name in that connection. Frederick Wyle, executive officer for the *Saturday Review*, who also served the California court as manager in bankruptcy, contended it was unreasonable for us to do anything that might block the sale of the SR book clubs, since this would deprive the creditors and the employees of a substantial sum of money.

In the end it was agreed that the name "Saturday Review" could be retained by the book clubs so long as it was clearly stated in any promotional materials that there was no connection between the clubs and the magazine. It seemed to us that this was necessary if only in terms of factual labeling. We also reserved to ourselves the right to

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disavow the clubs publicly if it appeared to us that they were giving the impression that the magazine's editors were behind the selections.

Another sticking point was the continuing rental, even during the negotiations, of the subscription list for mail solicitations by other organizations. I felt like a parent who had to fight to keep people from stepping on the oxygen tube that kept his child alive. The principal value of *SR* is its subscription list. Each time the list was used, I felt, it became that much more devitalized—if only because readers resent having their names sold without their consent. This issue, in fact, had come up while I was still with *SR* and was one of the particulars of my resignation. And now, during the negotiations, we requested that no additional commitments be made for rental of the list. Even though we were able to win this point, the commitments that had already been made exposed *SR* readers to perhaps a dozen or more sales efforts. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were involved in these sales. In fairness to Fred Wyle, John Veronis, and Nick Charney, I should emphasize that they were doing nothing unusual. It is now common practice in the magazine industry to rent subscription lists. I grew up in publishing with a contrary prejudice, and it has been difficult for me to accommodate myself to the prevailing system.

Perhaps the biggest obstacle of all we faced, at least at the start, was represented by *SR*'s indebtedness to the McCall Corporation for printing and to the Misco Corporation for subscription services. Both McCall and Misco are subsidiaries of Norton Simon, Inc. Unless we could satisfy Norton Simon, Inc., there seemed to be no way of our acquiring *SR*.

SOME BACKGROUND may here be in order. Norton Simon, Inc., had been the owner of *Saturday Review* from 1960 to 1971. The initiative for the acquisition of the magazine in 1960 came from Herbert Mayes, then editor of *McCall's* magazine, and from Norton Simon, world-renowned art collector and dominant figure in the McCall Corporation, later to become part of Norton Simon, Inc. Under the plan developed by Mr. Simon and Mr. Mayes, the corporation would guarantee *Saturday Review* complete autonomy and independence. After Mr. Simon retired from active participation in NSI in 1970, it seemed to me that the best interests of the *Saturday Review* might be served if we could regain ownership of the magazine. David J. Mahoney, the energetic young new president of NSI, had expressed to the NSI board of directors his view that the company ought to disengage itself from communications enterprises. Under these circumstances, I registered with Mr. Mahoney my desire to form a group that might purchase the magazine.

In April 1971 I was notified that NSI had decided to divest itself of its publishing properties, beginning with *SR* and the McCall book-publishing company. I was dismayed, however, to learn that the two properties had to be bought as a unit or not at all. Since the McCall book company was deep in the red—its losses were in seven figures—it seemed to me unreasonable, to say the least, to expect us to jeopardize the future of *Saturday Review* by assuming such a massive liability. Even more fundamental, as I said earlier in this report, was that there was a clear conflict of interest: Our job was to review books, not sell them.

In any event John Veronis and Nicolas Charney were willing to meet these conditions, and the magazine was sold to them.

IT IS AGAINST THIS historical background that the new negotiations with NSI had to be viewed. Moreover, NSI had a long-term printing contract with *SR*, which it was reasonable to expect would be continued. It also had every right to seek the best cash settlement possible on its debt of more than two million dollars.

I despaired of being able to meet either expectation. We already had signed a long-term printing contract with the Rumford Press. Francis Ehrenberg, president of Rumford, had a close relationship with us going back over a quarter-century. He had printed *SR* when it was still called *The Saturday Review of Literature*. When early in 1972 we decided to start WORLD MAGAZINE, Francis Ehrenberg stepped forward with far more favorable terms than we could possibly get anywhere else. How could we expect Francis Ehrenberg to set aside his contract? As for a cash settlement with NSI, even on the basis of twenty-five cents on the dollar, it would still come to well over $500,000—before we tried to satisfy the other 379 creditors. I feared that our difficulties with NSI would once again stand in the way of the acquisition of *SR*. This problem gave me nightmares.

Another large problem in the negotiations had to do with cash received by *Saturday Review* for subscriptions paid since suspension of publication; that is, since April 22. By May 22 there was an accumulation of some $225,000 such cash that was being escrowed. Legally, this money had to be returned to the subscribers if publication were not resumed. We did not see, therefore, that the creditors could regard this sum as available to them in any settlement.

On May 18 we put in an offer of $500,000 for the name, the subscription list, and all subscription cash.

The offer was rejected. Mr. Marcus said that our intention to keep the escrowed cash would be prejudicial to the interests of the creditors. He also strongly urged us to proceed by way of a plan for reorganization rather than by way of an offer for the *SR* title and subscription list.

We recognized the reasonableness of Mr. Marcus's argument on the matter of

"Henry, have you ever regretted our eyes meeting across a crowded room?"

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the escrowed cash—which continued to grow day by day. (By June 10 the amount in the escrow account had swelled to $468,000.) Also growing day by day were other fundamental problems. The fact that *SR* was not being published was depleting the value of the list. A magazine, like the human body, has to maintain its circulatory system if it is to survive. The longer *SR* was in limbo, the greater the danger of readership attrition.

In an attempt to cut through the spreading and tangled complications, we decided to make a dramatic offer. We upped our bid to $1 million, with the understanding that we would retain the escrowed cash.

Several days later Mr. Wyle countered with the suggestion that we revert to our $500,000 offer, making all the escrowed cash available to the creditors, as well as a number of other sources of possible income. Mr. Wyle also suggested that we share equally with creditors future income from past *SR* subscription bills that were still unpaid. He felt confident that these proposals might find the creditors' committee very receptive.

Mr. Wyle's proposals, under the circumstances, seemed to us to make good sense, and we agreed. Joe Iseman proceeded to formalize the offer in a legal document.

On June 7 came the most encouraging development of all. I received a telephone call from Mr. Gary Bewkes, executive vice-president of Norton Simon, Inc. Mr. Bewkes said he was confident that the way was now cleared for us to be rejoined with *Saturday Review*. He said that he and David Mahoney (then abroad) wanted to congratulate us and to say that they were glad we would have *SR* back again in a merger with World.

I was elated by this turn of events. NSI was being more than merely reasonable; it was going to do everything it could to support us. It was not going to press us about the printing or subscription-fulfillment contracts, or about an equity in the combined magazines. It seemed apparent that a decision had been made at the highest levels of NSI to be fully cooperative and supportive.

We could now look forward to our court date, June 22, in San Francisco, with more than a fair degree of confidence that everything would be in place for Judge Gillard's approval.

One matter, however, was to develop into a major issue: Personal promissory notes aggregating $275,000, signed by five key employees of *SR*, were being claimed by the creditors. What had happened was that management of *SR*, in 1971 and 1972, had developed a stock-participation plan as an incentive for top employees. The stock was available at a very low price for delivery at an unspecified future date, when the company would go public. Even though this stock was theoretical, and had zero value at the time *SR* went into bankruptcy, the notes were still in existence and were being claimed by the creditors.

What had been offered as an incentive had become a potentially disastrous situation for the five individuals whose names were attached to the notes. Their homes, their insurance, their savings, their future salaries were all vulnerable. We didn't see how we could refuse to do everything within our power to cancel those notes. Accordingly, we made the transfer to us of those notes a condition of our offer.

Mr. Marcus argued that we couldn't have it both ways. We couldn't take the position, he said, that we preferred to stay out of the reorganization, confining ourselves to an offer for two of the assets, yet on the other hand involve ourselves in the corporate aspects of the bankruptcy in order to take possession of five promissory notes.

I told Mr. Marcus that the logic of his position was incontestable but that we had decided nonetheless to stand by our request for the release of the five personal notes.

When we started out for San Francisco on the afternoon of June 20, the question of the promissory notes was still unresolved, and I didn't know what to do if we became deadlocked on the issue. We couldn't appear in court with this question outstanding and expect the judge to approve our proposal to acquire the magazine.

My feelings about holding firm on the notes were fortified by what had been happening during the transition. John Veronis, Nick Charney, and all the key members of the staff had gone far out of their way to be helpful to us. Acquiring a magazine property isn't like acquiring a parking garage, where most of the vital equipment is visible. On a magazine, what goes on in the heads of a few people represents the vital parts of the business. On the editorial side, a great deal of work—conversations with authors, plans for special issues, etc.—is seldom a matter of written record. We received two remarkable volumes, beautifully organized, of ideas and projects in various stages of development, compiled by Ron Kriss and Don Wright. Peter Veronis spent many days filling in Walter Johnson, our vice-chairman, on the advertising situation.

I must say a word here about John Veronis and Nick Charney. It would have been most unusual if there had not been abrasive feelings between us after their acquisition of *SR* in 1971. I was almost totally at odds with their style of publishing, and they had every right to be at odds with mine. I couldn't go along with the plan to divide *SR* into four monthlies, any more than I could accept all the new merchandising concepts. It broke my heart to leave *SR*. But it had to be. For their part, John Veronis and Nick Charney probably felt I was insufferably sticky, for much of what they were doing, especially in their side ventures and marketing concepts, had become standard operating procedure on many magazines. After I left *SR*, my colleagues and I launched World, and thousands of

"And tell them if you don't *get a raise, you'll join a rival army!"*

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SR readers left to join us. This didn't help our personal relationship. Publicly, each of us proclaimed there was enough room in the country for both magazines. But many readers were making a choice between the two.

Against this background the attitude of John Veronis and Nick Charney during the reorganization has been extraordinary and admirable. I have learned a great deal from them about personal dignity and grace under adversity. The collapse of the *Saturday Review* and its related enterprises contrasts dramatically with the spectacular nature of their plans. This is not to say that even the smallest bankruptcies are not profoundly humiliating. But the *Saturday Review* announcement of reorganization under Chapter 11 made front pages all over the country. One of the newsweeklies reported that some *SR* staff members blamed *SR*'s troubles on N.C., claiming he had undermined *SR* in strategic ways. John knew this to be false, of course, and said so to the staff. He also announced to his staff that he was doing everything he could to help N.C. restore the magazine and was expecting them to do the same.

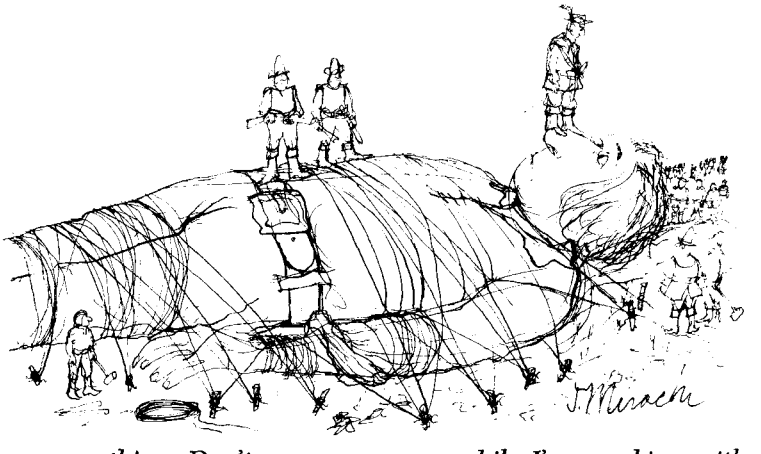
In contrast to this generosity of spirit, several items appeared in the press that made it appear we were gloating in public. *New York* magazine, for example, in its "Intelligencer" column of June 18, listed my scheduled talk before the Society of Magazine Writers under the title "The Anatomy of a $30 Million Publishing Boo-Boo." A photograph of me appeared in connection with the talk. The undercaption read: "N.C.: I told you so."

I groaned when I saw this item. In the first place, I never agreed to this title. The figure $30,000,000 was purely fictitious. Moreover, the last thing in the world I wanted to do was to add to the humiliation of John Veronis and Nick Charney or to give the impression that I was a strutting smart aleck who had seen it all coming. The difference between success and failure in the magazine business is not so great that anyone can afford to say I-told-you-so.

The item in *New York* magazine was wildly inaccurate, of course, but it was not *New York*'s fault, and I was pleased with the correction later published in the magazine. The announcement had been sent out by the office of the Society of Magazine Writers. I telephoned a resounding protest to Mr. Mort Weisinger, vice-president (and program chairman) of the group, who took responsibility for announcing the topic without consulting me. He had intended to call me; but I was away at the time, and he was eager to get out the announcement. At the meeting itself an appropriate correction was made. I spoke on the subject "Why Magazines Will Survive" and took advantage of the occasion to acknowledge the substantial help I had received from John Veronis in the weeks following *SR*'s reorganization announcement.

Joe Iseman, Spencer Grin, and I left for the West Coast on June 20. A final meeting was scheduled with the creditors' committee the next morning in order to take care of last-minute questions about our offer as well as to seek a resolution of the problem represented by the personal notes of the five *SR* employees.

As anticipated, these notes were a major item on the agenda and produced protracted disagreement. Once again, we were told we were both out of order and inconsistent in seeking possession of assets held by Saturday Review Industries, Inc., especially since our dealings were with Saturday Review Company, publisher of *SR*. The notes were the rightful property of the creditors, we were told, and we were only delaying consummation of the necessary agreement. I replied that we could not be expected to acquire *SR* by trampling on the bodies of five individuals. Inconsistent though we were, we did not intend to back down on this point.



"And one more thing. Don't cross your eyes while I'm speaking with you."

As sometimes happens in a deadlocked discussion involving money or politics, the impasse may be broken by a simple appeal to a moral principle. Until that point, however, people tended to hang back from raising or identifying the moral factor. In such cases, it is almost as though the rules of the game call for people to be hard-nosed and "realistic," whatever that means, and they feel awkward and embarrassed about being the first to call attention to the moral issue. Once the matter is brought into the open, however, people have no difficulty in seeing it and almost seem relieved to have it discussed. I remember how, in the negotiations ten years ago for the release of Joseph Cardinal Slipyj, Archbishop of the Ukrainian Rite Orthodox Church, who had been interned in a Soviet prison for seventeen years, Premier Nikita Khrushchev spent twenty minutes reviewing the intricate, harsh political background of the case. Having finished this recital of *realpolitik*, he sat back in his seat and asked, "Why should I release this man?" I said, as directly as I could, that it was probably the right thing to do. Mr. Khrushchev at first seemed a little startled, as though I had suddenly changed the rules of the game; then his entire expression relaxed, and he nodded and said, "Yes, of course." Two weeks later the archbishop was freed.

I had similar verification at the San Francisco creditors' meeting of the way a direct and unabashed moral statement can rescue a discussion from endless, hard-boiled argumentation. Mr. Sidney W. Mandel, representing a large Chicago creditor, responded to my plea by saying simply, "We just can't expect N.C. to take the magazine with the notes hanging over these men." Then Kenneth Kwit, the impressive young attorney and vice-president and corporate secretary of Norton Simon, Inc., said he was certain he spoke for all the creditors when he said it was right for the notes to be withdrawn. Mr. Kwit also came up with a formula for providing the legal *quid pro quo* that could make the resolution of the issue sit well with the creditors. In return for the release of the personal notes, the employees would waive some of their claims against the magazine.

This resolved the final issue. We could now go before the court the next morning fully agreed among ourselves. We had spent the entire day working for this result, and we were tired and hungry but happy. (Earlier in the day, when sandwiches were sent in, one of the lawyers quipped that one of his partners was writing a book with the title, *Why Are the Worst Sandwiches in the World Always Served at Bankruptcy Hearings?*)

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Joe Iseman and Mark Thoman, attorney for *SR*, stayed behind after we left in order to supervise the typing and Xeroxing of the final contract. The next morning we learned that clerical help for this purpose had evaporated early in the evening and that Joe and Mark had had to stay up most of the night coping with a reluctant copier machine and collating all the pages themselves. I was overwhelmed by this demonstration of conscientiousness and industriousness but winced when I thought of the bill.

Joe Iseman, Spencer Grin, Larry Goldberg, and I had breakfast the next morning with Fred Wyle and Mark Thoman. We wanted to have a final rundown on the contract before going to court. Fred Wyle pressed for additional advantages —as he had done so ably so many times during the previous meetings. I came close to losing my temper again but had to recognize that I was in the presence of a master. And I wondered whether *SR*'s creditors appreciated that they were represented by a supreme artist in getting everything there was to get out of a buyer. Besides, I could forgive Fred Wyle anything because of his sense of humor.

We left for court in the best of spirits, even though Joe Iseman and Mark Thoman could hardly keep their eyes open. At the Federal Building, the corridor outside the courtroom assigned to us was crowded by the time we arrived. Promptly at 10:00 A.M. the doors opened and we took our seats. It pleased me that John Veronis and Nick Charney spotted us in the back row and came to sit alongside Mrs. Cousins and me.

Judge Gillard emerged from his chambers, and the audience rose. The proceedings began with a summary review of the case by John Dinkelspiel, bankruptcy counsel for Saturday Review Industries in San Francisco.

During the next half hour, the courtroom drone accommodated many thoughts. I thought back all the way to my early days at the *Saturday Review*. In my teens I had regarded Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benét, the founding foursome of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, as idols and literary giants, which, of course, they were. When I started to work at *SRL* at the age of 24, I was so overawed that I stammered every time Dr. Canby spoke to me. One year later they put their beloved literary creation in my hands. That feeling of being a custodian of *SR* has never left me, from that day to this.

I thought especially of Amy Loveman, one of the most gracious and generous human beings I have known. There was no one in the entire literary firmament whose friendship I cherished more.

And I thought, of course, of Jack Cominsky, who was business manager and publisher of *Saturday Review* from 1942 to 1968, when he died. Jack poured his titanic energy, enthusiasm, and genius into the *Saturday Review*. People who credit me with the growth of *SR* are crediting the wrong man. Jack was never discouraged, never lacking in infectious ebullience. He regarded every new subscription as an Olympian triumph. Every complimentary letter about the magazine was held aloft by Jack as he would go charging from one desk to another.

Especially did I think how proud Jack would have been of WORLD MAGAZINE and of our decision to start it at a time when so many magazines were toppling. A challenge like WORLD would have made Jack deliriously happy.

I thought of Everette Lee DeGolyer—"Mr. De"—the petroleum geologist and bookman who backed us in the early Forties and who made it possible for us to grow so rapidly. (For a full-sized biography of this gifted and extraordinary human being, I suggest *Mr. De* by Lon Tinkle.) I thought, too, of Norton Simon and Herbert Mayes, who created an ideal arena for *SR* during the decade of the Sixties.

FINALLY, I thought about WORLD and my own pride in its staff and its readers and the way the magazine was trying to keep alive a certain tradition. The day we left for San Francisco, I was handed an advance copy of WORLD's first anniversary issue, and I could reflect that we were probably the only magazine in existence that could celebrate its first birthday this year and its fiftieth the next: *The Saturday Review of Literature* was born in 1924.

My reveries on these matters were stopped short by the terrifying thought that Judge Gillard might not grant court approval of our offer, after all. In this case, all thoughts about a fiftieth anniversary for *SR* were nothing more than a day-dream. I tuned in again on the proceedings in the front of the courtroom. Fred Wyle was on the stand. He was being asked whether, to his best knowledge and belief, it was possible to obtain a better offer for *SR* than the one we had made. He said the matter had been thoroughly explored, and he saw no other hope for the magazine.

Then I heard Judge Gillard say quietly—so quietly that we had to strain to hear it—that he was pleased to give the court's approval. First John Veronis, then Nick Charney, took my hand and offered congratulations.

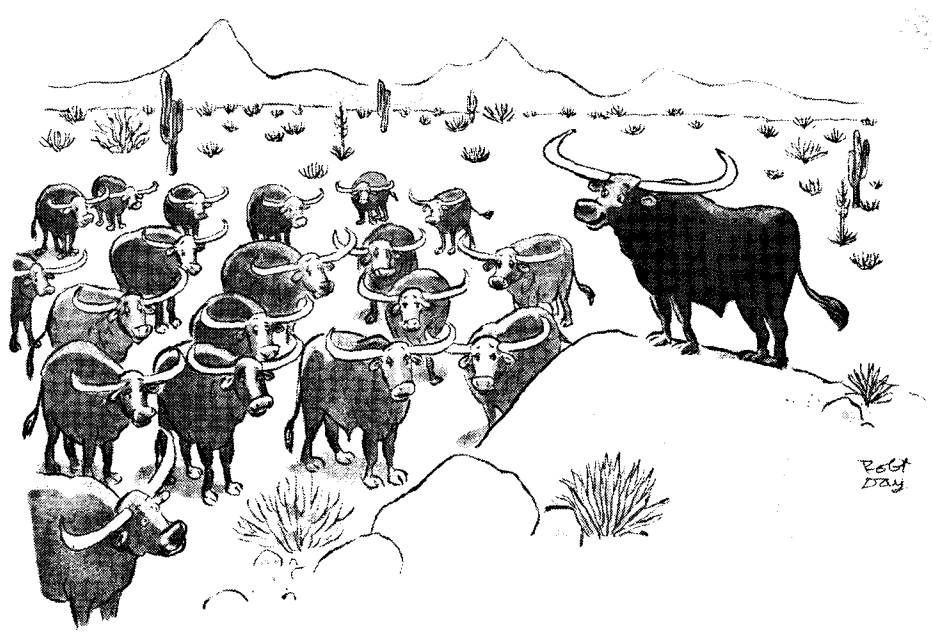
I thanked them both, then asked about their plans. John said that they were going to get on with the business of living and working and just wanted to emphasize again they were available at all times to help us in every way possible.

As I left the courtroom, a middle-aged man came up to me and introduced himself as Jim Benét, son of William Rose Benét. I was overjoyed to meet him.

"My father would be a very happy man if he could have been here today."

"Yes, I know," I said. "I was thinking of Bill, Amy, Henry, and Chris myself just a few minutes ago."

So the *Saturday Review* will be reborn. It will be combined with WORLD, which is actually its offspring, and the expanded magazine, *Saturday Review/World*, will appear in September. N.C.



"All right! Let's hear it for Merrill Lynch!"

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© Fred J. Maroon, from "Courage and Hesitation"; Doubleday, 1971

THE PRESIDENCY AFTER WATERGATE

by James David Barber

Was Watergate implicit in our presidential system, or was it born of personal aberration? A political scientist considers the rigid-reflexive tendencies of various Presidents, Richard Nixon among them.

For a long time before he became President, Nixon had been making clear his view of the world as an untrustworthy place where the only way to win was never to count on anyone but himself. The public, for example, he saw as a weak reed: "Frankly, most people are mentally and physically lazy. They believe they can get places by luck alone." The press he saw as fundamentally craven: "You know very well that whether you are on page one or page thirty depends on whether they fear you. It's as simple as that." One could not even trust one's friends in politics: "The rarest of all commodities is a political friendship that lasts through times of failure as well as success. . . . I was not unprepared for this reaction because I had already gained that experience during my mercurial career." These feelings of distrust were and are combined with an extraordinarily strong drive for power and victory. "I have never had much sympathy," Nixon wrote in *Six Crises,* "for the point of view, 'it isn't whether you win or lose that counts, but how you play the game.' How you play the game does count. But one must put top consideration on the will, the desire, and the determination

James David Barber is chairman of the political science department at Duke University and author of The Presidential Character: Predicting Performance in the White House.

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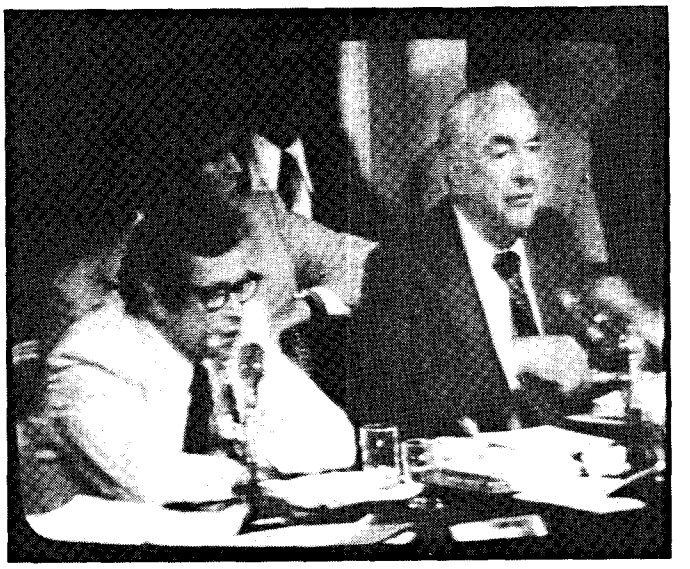

Allen Green/Visual Departures

April TV Address—*"Trying to put Watergate behind him."*

Senate Watergate Hearings—*The President on trial.*

to win." Politics as sportsmanship, as a system more valuable than its products, fades out; politics as a Hobbesian war of all against all fades in. His longtime attitude toward winning and the rules of the game is consistent with this report by Daniel Ellsberg of a conversation that occurred between Nixon and an American team in Vietnam working on election procedures:

> The opening moments of that visit have often come back to me. After shaking hands with each of us, Nixon asked: "Well, Ed, what are you up to?"
>
> [General] Lansdale replied: "We want to help General Thang make this the most honest election that's ever been held in Vietnam."
>
> "Oh sure, honest, yes, honest, that's right" —Nixon was sitting himself in an armchair next to Lansdale's—*"so long as you win!"* With the last words he winked, drove his elbow hard into Lansdale's arm, and, in a return motion, slapped his own knee. My teammates turned to stone.

Such episodes are clues to a resonance between Nixon's view of the political world and the win-at-any-price world of Watergate. How is a man who thinks that way likely to act and react as the scandal spreads? Here, some understanding of his presidential character and its analogies to those of past Presidents may be instructive. And beyond explanation comes the question of the future: Do we want and need a new presidential system? Or are there other lines of reform more likely to serve the purpose of restoring the legitimacy of the office?

JUDGING FROM NIXON'S OWN PAST, his course as he seeks to weather this umpteenth crisis in his political life will be to try to move past it quickly, on to yet another crisis. This method has helped him time and again; mired down in the defeat of Haynesworth and Carswell, he made a bitter speech about it on April 9, 1970, put the case behind him, and plunged into the Cambodian crisis, announcing the invasion on April 30. Three years to the day later, on April 30, 1973, Nixon tried to put Watergate behind him by making a speech and moving on to more important business. But this time the technique did not work. Watergate lingers on and on, even despite additional presidential explanations. At this writing, however, the most likely Nixonian response would appear to be continued efforts at diversion—the search for some highly newsworthy line of action on inflation control, foreign adventure, or whatever.

A darker prediction springs from the catch-22 bind of the Watergate crisis: If Nixon knew, he was a party to the corruption; if he did not know, he was incompetent. Judging from the histories of three Presidents who, I think, shared Nixon's basic political character type—Wilson, Hoover, and Lyndon Johnson—such a double threat to virtue and to power could trigger a process of rigid adherence to a failing policy. In my book *The Presidential Character* I suggested how that process might develop, as seen from the perspective of the Nixon type:

> Battered from all sides with demands that he yield yard after yard of his territory, that he conform to ignorant and selfish demands, he begins to feel his integrity slipping away from him. In doubt about his personal strength, he experiences compromise as a steady diminution of "the most powerful man in the world" to a mere clerk, ordered about by his supposed subordinates. At the same time, he is being harassed by critics who, unaware of the problems he faces, attribute his actions to low motives, adding insult to injury. At long last, after enduring all this for longer than any mortal should, he rebels and stands his ground. Masking his decision in whatever rhetoric is necessary, he rides the tiger to the end.

In just that fashion, Wilson killed his dream by rigidly insisting on the letter of his League treaty draft, Hoover hung onto his opposition to "the dole" long after national disaster, and Lyndon Johnson turned a minor commitment into a major war. The process of rigidification was, in each case, the outgrowth of a situation directly and simultaneously challenging the President's sense of self-righteousness and his sense of power.

That could happen to Nixon. The main hope for preventing it in the short run rests with the few confidants the President has some trust in—those few advisers who are also his friends. Short of the radical surgery of impeachment or resignation, genuine consultation of this sort is the best hope for the rest of his term. The public memory is short; if he stays in office, Nixon, by 1975–76, might have managed to rescue some of his presidential reputation.

But, again, the question is larger than Nixon's individual fate. Already the public is groggy with disillusionment—from the Kennedy assassinations through urban riots, Vietnam, campus rebellion, the credibility gap, the bombing, and now presidential police-state tactics. Naturally enough, attention turns to what we can do to ward off future traumas from the White House.

WHAT SHOULD BE THE THRUST of our thinking in the wake of Watergate? The easiest out is the moralistic focus: Nixon as a bad person. But Watergate is undoubtedly a painful and dramatic personal crisis for Richard Nixon; as a human being up against a terrible situation,

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he merits understanding, even sympathy. It does no good to hate the man or to wallow in glee over his comeuppance. As Harry Truman said, the President is a man like the rest of us—he puts his pants on one leg at a time. Neither Richard Nixon nor any other normal person gets up in the morning and says, "Today I'm going to be evil." The President means well—now, as when he ordered a rain of death and destruction on Southeast Asia. To cast the President as some sort of moral leper, a Caligula in the White House, is as unfair as it is inaccurate.

But the issue is the nation's course, not Nixon's fate. As long as discussion centers on the little details of who-said-what-to-whom, and especially just exactly what the President said, we are going to miss the forest for the trees. As long as we concentrate on the question of Nixon's precise degree of guilt, perhaps hoping that the whole ugly story will reach a cathartic denouement when he is "convicted" in some sense, we will miss the point. Nor will it do much good to lapse into the paranoia of conspiracy theories or the masochism of "What-has-happened-to-America?" We have been all these places before—in the backwash of the Kennedy assassination, for example—and they lead nowhere.

At this point in time (to use the Ervin witnesses' new cliché), it is obvious that we are dealing, not with a few idiosyncratic miscreants, but with a somewhat disorganized host of ethically indifferent Nixon enthusiasts operating in many different directions from coast to coast and beyond. Their crime was at least a threefold subversion: of the judicial, electoral, and free-speech processes. Whatever Nixon actually said, he is the one who decided whom to trust in his administration, and he is the one who set the political climate for his campaign. If he had made it perfectly clear that such things were not to happen, they would not have happened—not, at least, on anything like the scale of the actual operations. One can contrast the casual flow of hundreds of thousands of dollars in cash for shady purposes in the Nixon campaign with the outrage Eisenhower conveyed over a mere $18,000 fund his vice-presidential candidate was thought to have taken from a group of California businessmen. In the Eisenhower days a White House aide's acceptance of a coat or a rug was cause for scandal. That President also set a climate, one capsulized in the phrase "clean as a hound's tooth." Harding and Wilson, Coolidge and Truman—each President sets a tone, a climate, a culture if you will (not always the one intended), from which his minions take their cues.

The Nixon campaign culture, it now appears, was permeated with distrust. The press could not be trusted to get across the President's message in sufficiently favorable light; therefore the press had to be intimidated and lied to and kept away from the administration's inner life. Despite the President's great advantages as a popular incumbent, the electoral process could not be trusted to produce the necessary victory; therefore the weapons of international espionage and sabotage had to be wheeled into action. The old processes of judge and jury could not be trusted to damn protesters and leakers; therefore the special operations, the *agents provocateurs*, the manufacturing of evidence, the dangling of the FBI directorship before Judge William M. Byrne, Jr.

"If he had made it perfectly clear that such things were not to happen, they would not have happened. . . ."

In that context Nixon communicated his go-get-'em message to those who worked with and for him in the campaign. He did not have to elaborate the details as to how his purposes were to be executed: The subordinates got the point. His extreme isolation (a longtime element in his political style) added to the problem. Staffers in doubt about the limits could easily read into his cryptic comments about winning in an untrustworthy world a license to go the whole distance—beyond custom, beyond truth, beyond the law.

Thus Watergate traces to the Oval Office. The more realistic proposals for preventing future Watergates fall in two directions. The first stresses new law and a restructuring of the presidency as an institution. The threat of Watergate, from this perspective, is a threat to the office itself, a symptom that the presidential system is out of hand and in need of control. The powers of the presidency should be cut back. Congress should recapture the territory it has lost with respect to war and peace, funding and implementing domestic programs, controlling executive secrecy and emergency powers. If necessary, this argument goes, the Constitution should be changed to approximate more closely the British Cabinet system, to ensure the chief executive's dependence on congressional majorities. The President as political candidate would also be curtailed in the degree to which he could use his official resources as advantages in campaigning. And perhaps the burgeoning bureaucracy in the executive office of the President needs radical pruning. As for changes in law, they run the gamut from tighter definitions of "national security" and closer congressional supervision of the CIA and FBI to new legislation on campaign finance.

Necessary some of these changes may be, but none of them are, I believe, likely to be sufficient; some could be downright harmful. Presidents have turned out to be the least law-controllable actors in the upper reaches of American government. Lincoln managed to suspend habeas corpus; Franklin Roosevelt got around the requirement for Senate advice and consent on treaties by inventing the "executive agreement"; Nixon broadens his authority regarding national security to include spying on his domestic political competitors. By closing off access to presidential news (not to mention fakery and distortion), a President can make a mockery of the freedom of the press. Hypothetically a subject of the law, the President is also, in an important sense, a lawmaker. The pathetic plea Nixon subordinates offer as justification for their Watergate crimes—that they assume what the President wants must be all right—illustrates that point.

Nor is the behavior of Presidents easy to contain in some organizational structure. Short of adopting Cabinet government, schemes for ensuring presidential consultation (with Congress, with his officially designated Cabinet, with the press) cannot ensure the genuineness of such consultation. Lyndon Johnson, for example, kept George Ball around for a good while as a kind of official dissenter, as Johnson escalated the war in Vietnam; the President would hear him out, congratulate himself for taking the other side into account, and march on in the same direction. John Kennedy could have organized his advising machinery for the Bay of Pigs as effectively as he later did for the Cuban missile crisis. The fact that Richard Nixon occasionally has conversations with congressmen says nothing about the quality or content or style of those conversations, which, it appears, were not effective in helping him understand the realities of his situation. In short, you can perhaps bring a President to a roomful of knowledgeable people, but you can't make him think differently as a result. So far no magical organization chart has been invented capable of preventing a determined President from seeing the world in his own peculiar way.

The temptation for reformers in this crisis, as Elizabeth Drew has observed perceptively, is "to confuse ad hocs with eternal truths." Not long ago the main thrust of reform sentiment was to

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"We do not seem in dire danger of a constitutional failure, whatever happens to Nixon."

strengthen a presidency in need of help; Vietnam and Watergate swing the pendulum in the opposite direction. Meanwhile, the traditional machinery is sitting there, waiting to be used. For it is as clear now as it was years ago that Congress could, through its regular powers of legislating and appropriating, take care of such immediate problems as stopping the bombing in Cambodia and mopping up the Watergate scandal. None of that requires a new Constitution or even a radical reorganization of the present, readily accessible mechanism for decision making.

Those basic institutional arrangements have proved remarkably enduring, for better or worse. The collapse of the Nixon presidency through impeachment or resignation would not collapse the presidency as such; indeed, it might make it easier for a new President to establish his legitimacy and authority against the background of Nixon's failure. Herbert Hoover's failure to cope with the Depression paved the way for FDR's remarkable exercise of presidential power. Scandals in the Harding and Truman administrations did not prevent their successors from picking up the reins and plowing on. Certainly Nixon's hand was strengthened in foreign policy —permitting him extraordinary departures regarding China and the Soviet Union—by the fact that he succeeded a President who had led us into disaster. Further back in history the presidency has survived its Grants and Pierces and Andrew Johnsons. We do not, then, seem in dire danger of a *constitutional* failure, whatever happens to Nixon.

DIAGNOSIS AND PRESCRIPTION would be on solider ground, I contend, if we looked beyond structures and processes to cultures and persons—the second direction of proposals for preventing future Watergates. There are types of reform other than "reorganization"—reform that reaches the substance of belief, the criteria of character, reform of values directly relevant to the Watergates and Vietnams. For in a very real sense, we Americans can make the government do what we want it to do—if we know what that is—and we can find Presidents who will lead us effectively—if we know how to find them.

Both Watergate and Vietnam grew out of fear and distrust, reinforced in large measure by what Richard Hofstadter used to call the paranoid style in American politics. The "tough-minded" characters in the Johnson and Nixon administrations did not just happen to appear; they grew out of a political culture in which the stakes of international and domestic politics had been vastly exaggerated by dramatic rhetoric. In fact Vietnam was just not all that important. In fact defeat for Nixon in 1972 would not have been the end of the world. The public, and those who educate publics through the media and the schools, should have known better. They should have been able to see how toughness can get in the way of vision. Part of the public mind knows that the tough guys in politics are as often as not trying to distract attention from their clay feet. Part of the public mind understands the difference between courage and bullying, between shrewdness and skulduggery. But those distinctions tend to get blurred when a civil fracas far away is translated into a threat to our way of life, or when an ordinary political campaign is turned into a life-or-death struggle. Then American humaneness, hope, and confidence erode; candidates and Presidents are encouraged to stress, not their concern for human welfare, but their readiness for mortal combat.

On the other hand, our culture values persuasion—the core value that sustains political life. Don't *tread* on me, we say: *Show* me. Persuasion in politics has at least three opposites: force, fraud, and secrecy. Genuine persuasion is possible only in an atmosphere of trust, such as the trust that the other person means what he is saying, that there can be at least rough agreement on the facts, and that both parties share enough common philosophy to live with the result. Most of what goes on in politics—for Presidents as for other politicians—is, in fact, persuasive behavior of this sort. There are other values in need of political restoration, but restoring the politics of persuasion, of meaningful public dialogue, is a first priority. That will take fostering, by those who try to communicate the realities of politics and by those who are bent on changing those realities.

IN THE PRESIDENCY the politics of persuasion can be made to work only by a President who believes in it, practices it —*likes* it. Before we start reorganizing the presidency, we ought to devote far more effort and attention to choosing the person who will do the reorganizing, who will determine whether or not any form of White House organization will work. The President's character, his political style, his way of looking at the world—these turn out to be the qualities we should have been attending to in the case of Mr. Nixon, not his long-forgotten stands on issues or his ideological postures on such matters as anticommunism or free enterprise. We wound up with a President whose personality feeds on the turmoil of crisis, whose extraordinary isolation cuts him off from political reality, and whose world view has little place in it for constitutional verities. Who now believes we should have taken more seriously Nixon's expressed intentions in 1968 to begin "realistic programs that restore self-respect to the poor and open up opportunity for the jobless man who wants to work," not to wait "until inflation backs us to the wall to start to get our economic house in order," to ensure that each Cabinet member would "have the stature and power to function effectively" and that "publicity would not center at the White House alone"? Nixon, like other candidates, says a lot of things in campaigns, intentions perhaps meant seriously and sincerely but that contradict egregiously the theme and thrust of his political habits that have become ingrained.

Next time around we will again have an opportunity to take a long and careful look at the candidates being brought forward for the presidency—well before the lists are made up. Then we will, if we are wise, assess the contenders as presidential characters, persons of extraordinary confidence and energy, flexible and open in style, experientially devoted to the politics of persuasion. □

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A NEW ROLE FOR OLD RADICALS

by Roger M. Williams

Beatings, jailings, fire bombings, and assorted other forms of harassment have left the staff of Tennessee's Highlander Folk School more devoted than ever to the school's main aim—to bring the South's angry racial and economic groupings into friendly, fruitful touch with each other.

In the late Fifties and much of the Sixties, the highways of the South were peppered with billboards picturing Martin Luther King, Jr., at "a Communist Training Center." The billboards were, of course, intended to discredit Dr. King, then at the peak of his power as a civil rights leader. It was a devious but rather effective device, because the Highlander Folk School, where the billboard photograph had been taken, was blatantly anti-Southern in the eyes of segregationists. For two decades Tennessee-based Highlander, in its emphasis on grass roots, non-academic education, had been championing the most unpopular Southern causes—the organized-labor movement and the Negro revolution.

Highlander survived the billboard barrage as it has survived a number of more serious threats: revocation of its charter by the state of Tennessee; investigations by the state legislature, the old Dies Committee of the House, and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; arson; gunshots; cross burnings.

It has also survived educators' criticisms—presumably less political—that its wholly unstructured, workshop method of teaching does not achieve lasting results. Highlander has never tried to answer the criticism by claiming credit for changes in the Southern scene; but it has tried to redefine its role in the South in a continuing effort to, as the current director phrases it, "help people focus on their genuine grievances and nurture the seeds of discontent."

Now called the Highlander Research and Education Center, the school in the past few years has moved on to a third Southern cause: ending the exploitation of poor whites in Appalachia. From its new mountaintop home outside Knoxville, Highlander has become active in a broad range of contemporary Appalachian problems. Among these are strip-mining (see "TVA and the Strippers," June 19), poverty, misuse of land and other natural resources, and lack of political organization.

IT IS TEMPTING to credit Highlander with being, and having been, on the cutting edge of Southern issues, but the school's young director, Mike Clark, insists that is not the case. "The people of these mountains are on the cutting edge," Clark says. "We're simply behind them. We can help them achieve their goals, but the motivation and most of the action must come from them." Highlander has eschewed an activist role in the social revolutions it has aided, providing training and advice rather than manpower or matériel. However, this distinction has been much too fine for the beleaguered targets of the revolutions—the textile manufacturers, coal companies, legislatures, land-development corporations, and so on that have had a large stake in preserving the social status quo in the South. Their hostility is understandable. To them the man who furnishes the ideas is at least as dangerous as the man who put the ideas into practice.

No one has furnished as many revolutionary ideas for Highlander as has Myles Horton, whose name has been virtually synonymous with the school since its founding forty-one years ago. In the South, where liberals are much touted, Horton has been a true radical, a man dedicated to changing the social and economic systems, to pushing the South's transition from one era into the next—rather than merely easing the strain of such a transition.

Like most of Highlander's staff members over the years, Horton is a native Southerner. He was born in the Tennessee mountains, where he attended public schools and college; and he studied under Reinhold Niebuhr and Harry F. Ward at New York's Union Theological Seminary. As a Northern supporter of Highlander noted years later, "This little hillbilly wandered up to Union to get the word of the Lord. Instead, he ran into Niebuhr, who was speaking with almost as much authority as the Lord and apparently had a greater social conscience." Niebuhr became what Horton was to call "my reservoir of strength and commitment," urging the young man to return home to start a mountain school, then consulting with him about it for the next thirty-odd years. First, however, Horton spent a year in Denmark studying that country's ultraprogressive "folk schools," which are free of government control and unencumbered by grades, teacher certification, and other practices of formal education.

Horton returned to Tennessee determined to institute free-form adult education aimed at improving the lives of the mountain people: "I thought, 'What you must do is get a simple place and move in there and let the program grow out of the people's needs. You can't know in advance. You can go to school all your life, and you'll still never figure it out because you're trying to get an answer that can only come from the people in the life situation.' "

HORTON ESTABLISHED HIGHLANDER in Grundy County, then one of the nation's poorest areas. His small staff, most of

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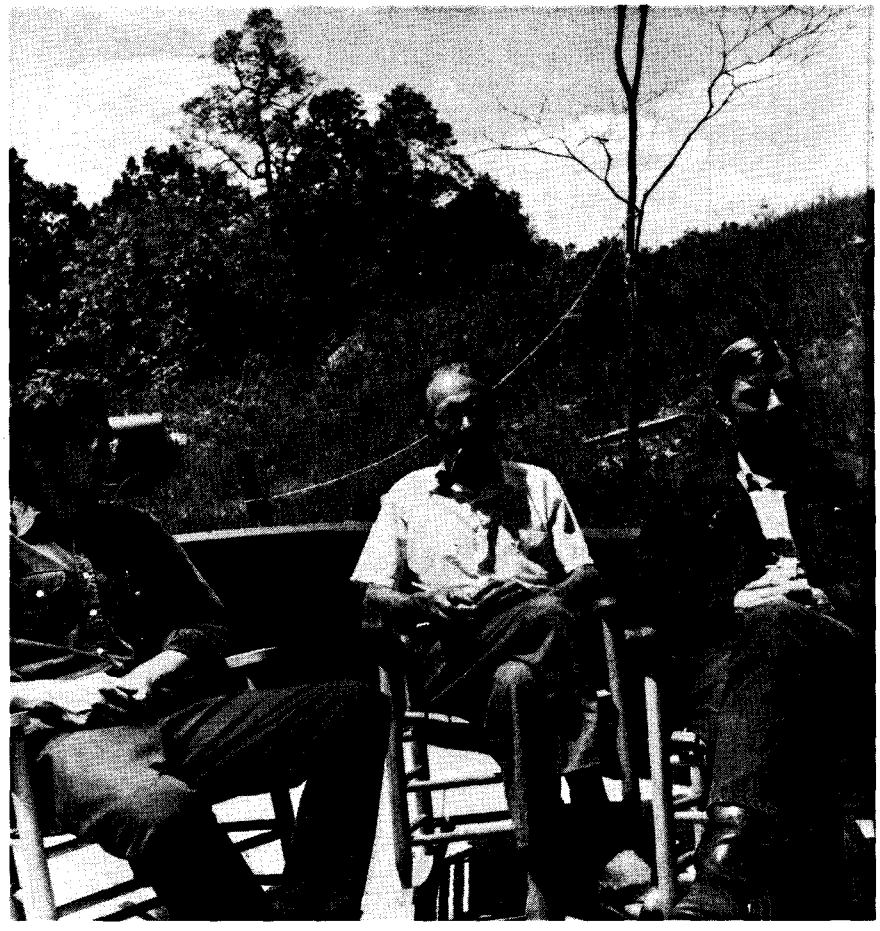
which had theological training, taught an economics course based on a local miners' strike, psychology based on such homey situations as dealing with an unruly child, and "cultural geography" based largely on the director's stay in Denmark. Race was hardly an issue in the South of those days, certainly not in the heavily white mountain areas. The issue was labor unions, and Horton and his staff came down solidly on the union side. In their help-the-people-help-themselves fashion, they became involved in a number of strikes. In a particularly bitter one, at Wilder, Tennessee, Horton passed out food to the strikers and brought in socialist leader Norman Thomas to address a rally. Horton himself was arrested, and the strike was eventually broken.

HIGHLANDER'S UNUSUAL methods of education—no textbooks, no lectures, group leaders rather than teachers—have produced dismay among its own students and never more so than in the early days. At the height of a 1937 cotton-mill strike in Lumberton, North Carolina, Horton refused to suggest tactics for the strikers to follow. "If I make this decision," he told them, "what will you do when I'm not here?" One striker began crying, and another pulled a pistol on Horton, yelling, "You son of a bitch! You're going to tell us what to do." Eventually the strikers reached their own decision, and ever since Highlander has insisted that all its "pupils" do the same.

In the early Fifties, Highlander shifted its attention from trade unions to the race problem. Blacks had attended the school long before then—breaking Jim Crow laws every time they did—but interracial activity had not really caught on. In 1953, with a Supreme Court school-desegregation ruling on the horizon, Highlander sponsored two summer workshops for prospective community leaders, black and white, who might help provide "an orderly transition" to an integrated school system. It also gave support to a fledgling black-citizenship education project on remote, Gullah-speaking Johns Island, off the South Carolina coast. Adopting a policy that anticipated the "black consciousness" of the following decade, Horton left the citizenship schools wholly under the direction of the people they served.

Highlander's Monteagle headquarters, northwest of Chattanooga, became a principal gathering point for the moving forces of the black revolution: the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC); COFO, the umbrella organization that ran Mississippi's "long, hot summer" of 1964; assorted civil rights activists from the North; and, of course, Dr. King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). Highlander's cherished role as catalyst was dramatically demonstrated in the case of Rosa Parks. Mrs. Parks, a black seamstress from Montgomery, attended a Highlander workshop in 1955 and returned home to start the national civil rights movement—by refusing to take a back seat on the bus. A civil rights heroine ever since, Mrs. Parks has said of Myles Horton: "He taught me to trust white people." Highlander also is credited with having given an old black church song an important boost. The song was "We Shall Overcome"; after adaptation by the school's music director, Guy Carawan, it became the anthem of the black movement.



(From Left) Mike Clark, Myles Horton, and Jim Branscome—*Trying to "help people focus on their genuine grievances and nurture the seeds of discontent."*

THE PRICE OF Highlander's achievements has been more or less constant trouble with the white South, including such stalwart organizations as the American Legion and the Grundy County Crusaders. Horton has been arrested a dozen times. He remembers most clearly the first arrest, which occurred during the Wilder strike in 1933: "They got me for 'getting information and going back to teach it.' I said, 'Yup, that's what I did.' It's the only time I've ever been charged correctly." The charges against Horton have been petty, often spurious, and he has never been convicted. Horton was beaten while organizing for the CIO in the late Thirties. Many Highlander staffers have been threatened. The school itself was fire bombed a few years ago, and a mountain camp that it ran for civil rights workers was burned down completely.

Texas Congressman Martin Dies, the precursor of Joseph McCarthy, accused Highlander of helping to unseat him and, along the way, of being a dispenser of Communist propaganda. Mississippi's Sen. James Eastland threatened Horton with a contempt citation for walking out on Internal Security Subcommittee hearings. A Tennessee legislative committee, goaded by the governor of Georgia and the attorney general of Arkansas, found Highlander guilty of several sins, among them selling intoxicating beverages and organizing "loud, boisterous gatherings." The school was closed and its property confiscated.

That was in 1961. Horton moved Highlander from its Monteagle retreat to an old house in Knoxville and then, in 1971, to its present location, a lovely 100-acre farm in the community of New Market. Telephoned threats con-

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tinue on a sporadic basis,* and early this spring a cross was burned at the school's mailbox. "This is big Ku Klux Klan country," says Mike Clark, "but that cross was so small it must've been the work of school kids." Also this spring, on a Knoxville radio station, Clark engaged in a long wrangle with Cas Walker, a supermarket-chain owner who has been a fierce and ceaseless critic of Highlander.

Says Horton, reflecting on the years of trouble, "You can't brood and hold grudges, or it gets to where that saps your creative energy. I've got hatred for the system that's done these things, but not for the people who've done them. You shouldn't forgive, no, but you should forget and go ahead with your work."

FOR SEVERAL YEARS NOW, Highlander has attempted to bring together, in workshops dealing with common problems, the politically impotent from all over the country—Mexican-Americans, Cherokee Indians, blacks, urban-welfare recipients. The school's chief concern, however, has been the poor whites of Appalachia. Leading Highlander down this path are what Horton describes as "the new breed of Southern activists." Director Clark, twenty-eight, was raised in the North Carolina mountains and worked in the federal antipoverty programs. Staffer Jim Branscome, twenty-seven, was raised in the Virginia mountains and attended Kentucky's Berea College with Clark. Branscome often talks like a country boy, but he was the first Ford Fellow from the Appalachian region, and his knowledgeable, uncompromising attacks on strip-mining have made him anathema to strippers and their defenders throughout the mountains.

Branscome and Clark roam all through the Appalachians, keeping in touch with developments and counseling such indigenous organizations as the Appalachian Group to Save Land and People. In January 1972 strip-mine guards beat up Branscome as he stood watching a protest demonstration by Appalachian Group members. Says Mart Shepherd, a disabled miner who is an official of the organization: "The coal companies try to put in our ears that these [Highlander] people are some kind of Communists, that they're here for some other cause than to help us fight stripping. But the people like me who've been affected appreciate all the help we can get."

HIGHLANDER'S BASIC approach is not going to the people, but bringing the people to it, then sending them back again. The school has held numerous workshops on strip-mining, and it periodically holds others on such subjects as welfare, cooperative buying groups, and mountain music. The workshop students range from college graduates to people who are barely literate. They live and work in Highlander's attractive new education center, on a hillside overlooking the Great Valley of Tennessee. Except for the addition of slide projectors and other visual aids, the educational method remains as it was four decades ago: an informal group discussion in which members learn from the ideas and experiences of their fellows. Highlander officials reject the criticism—often aimed at workshops of this type—that they tend to be vacations conducive to lazy thinking and the absorption of knowledge that is quickly forgotten. Its students, Highlander points out, are not corporate executives or suburban housewives seeking diversion, but poor people who have come to talk about problems that have profound effects on their lives.

Strip-mining and the unemployment-welfare cycle are obvious problems. Less obvious is land use, including tourism. The tourist, and all the support services he needs, used to be considered a blessing in poor rural areas; he brought cash and left it there, and if he littered the highway in the process, so what? Now mountain people are beginning to feel that tourism, like coal mining, exploits them—"disinherits them because of their natural wealth," as Tom Gish, a Kentucky newspaper editor, said in an address at Highlander last year. "The mountain man in North Carolina is being displaced by the wealthy tourist who comes in and buys up the hillsides and hollows and builds multimillion dollar resorts."

RESORTS, summer homes, golf courses, and the attendant devices of tourism are pushing or coaxing thousands of mountain residents off their land, say Highlander and its adherents. Those who stay are faced with higher property taxes, pollution, and "in season" congestion. Editor Gish told his Highlander audience what had happened in his own Letcher County: A county planning commission "came up with a plan to force mountain residents to move"; protests by a Highlander-aided local group stopped that, but then "along comes the Development District saying the county has to have a plan whether it wants one or not, else we won't be eligible for any federal funds for housing or sewers or other goodies."

Gish's conclusion, shared fully by the Highlander staff:

> The glory that is the mountain man, the wonder that is the mountain family, the sheer delight that is the mountain way of life, are under attack as never before. . . . We all will be homogenized, blended, melted down, and formed into a uniform mold unless we learn how to keep what we want to keep and to change only what we want to change.

That is a large order, and on the surface, Highlander hardly seems equipped to fill it. The school budget is a meager $120,000 a year, a figure that has changed little over the years. Eighty percent of the funds come from individual contributors. "We get very little from foundations," says Mike Clark. "In fact, Appalachia as a whole gets very little. Last year foundations put only one-and-a-quarter million dollars into the region, compared with the many millions they put into programs for blacks." Clark is not really complaining for Highlander's sake. The school has deliberately chosen a frugal existence:

"We've turned down large offers of money—a million dollars, one time. If we got a lot of money, we'd have to hire a lot of people and go out and spend it and then cut back again when it was gone. We don't have an endowment, either, and that's good. It's important that we're not known as a wealthy place, but as a place that relates to people in terms of ideas."

Not many institutions, educational or other, can make that claim □

*Some years ago, when a caller demanded, "How many mulattoes you got runnin' around over there?" the Highlander secretary replied, "How many have you lost?"

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THE BLOOMING OF THE A300B

by J. Robert Moskin

The brand-new, big-bellied Airbus, product of Europe's burgeoning multinational aircraft industry, will head off the Continents dependence on American planes.

A massive battle is forming that promises to scar the economic interface between Europe and the United States. The European governments are mobilizing their aircraft industries to challenge U.S. dominance of the free world's civilian aircraft market. The outcome is crucial; aircraft export has been America's biggest earner of foreign exchange.

"They have joined their aerospace industries to their national treasuries, and eight nations in Europe and the Japanese have national plans to move in and get this market. If they get half of it, they'll gain—and we'll lose—about 500,000 jobs, tens of billions in taxes and perhaps $25 billion to $50 billion in export trade," says William S. Macgruder, special consultant to President Nixon. "We're up against government, banking, industry, and social cartels."

The Trojan horse of this transatlantic commercial war is a brand-new, big-bellied jet aircraft, the European Airbus (A300B), already being test-flown at Toulouse in southern France. It is the world's first wide-bodied jet powered by only two engines. Ideal for carrying big loads between major cities, it will move nearly as many passengers as can two present-day interurban B-727s. It will make its first passenger flight next March.

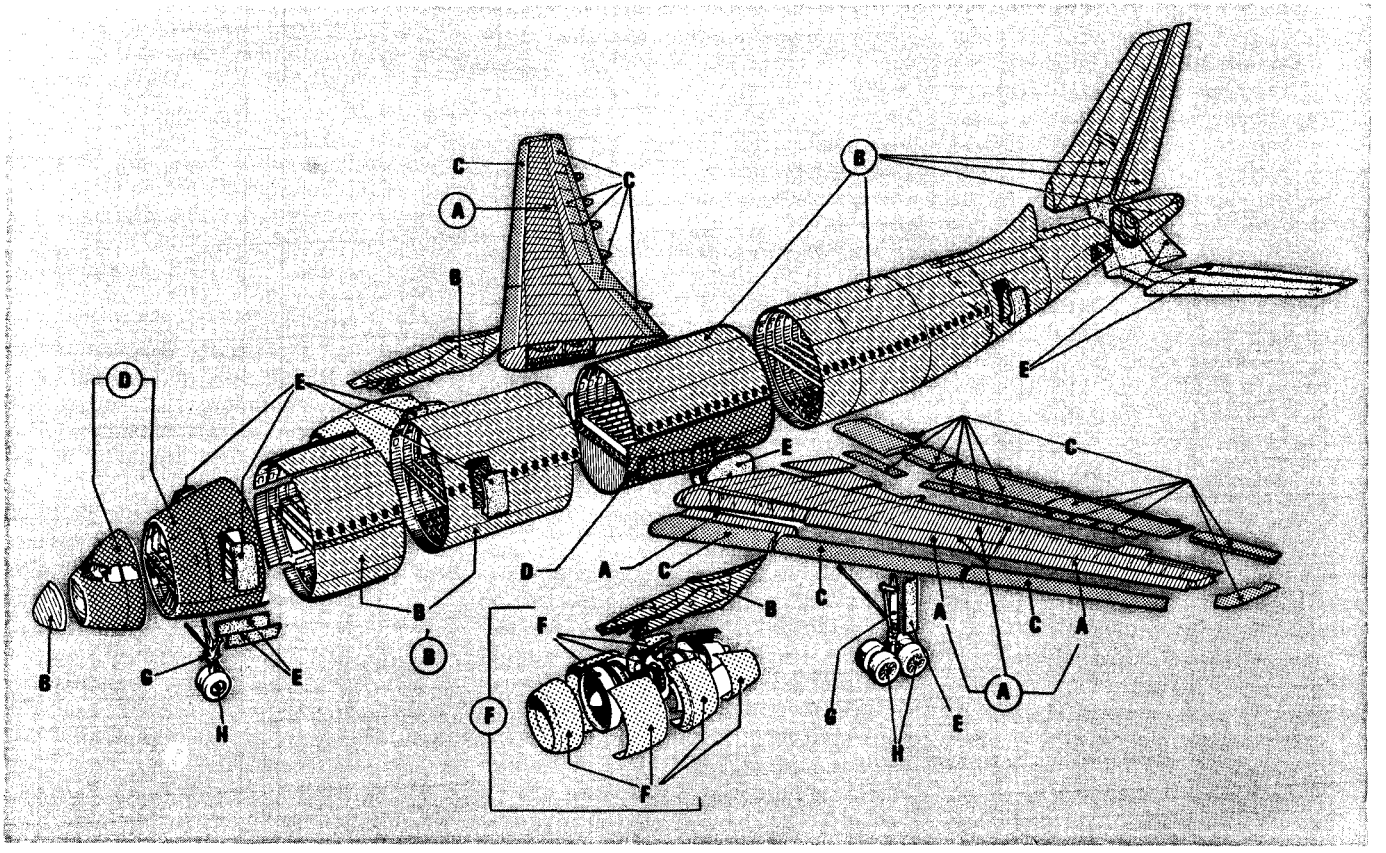
Unlike the glamorous but experimental Concorde, the Airbus is practical and efficient. The Americans have not yet matched it, and the Europeans already have a two-year head start on their competitors here. In Paris, Airbus's executives confidently expect to sell 360 of the A300B in the next decade, including a sizable number to the American market.

It is a European plane, child of the desire of European aircraft manufacturers and governments to launch their own multinational aircraft industry and break their costly dependence on American planes. Sharing this dream are the French, Germans, British, Dutch, and Spanish.

NINETY PERCENT of the value of the free world's commercial air fleet is American-built today. In the next fifteen years, $100 billion worth of civilian aircraft will be sold, and the Europeans are now marshaling their forces to grab a lion's share of this business from the Americans. The Airbus represents the first big-time, viable step toward creating an integrated European aerospace industry. It has shaken up American aircraft managers.

The Airbus they are riveting together in the huge Aérospatiale hangar at Toulouse is designed to release the constantly rising pressure for airplane seats as air travel doubles every ten years.

Today airports are filled with impatient travelers. Planes often cannot take off from London's Heathrow airport or from Rome or from Zurich because of the congestion over France. Last sum-



A300B's Components—*Diagram shows basic structural parts of the A300B and where they were built: A–Great Britain; B–Germany; C–Holland; D–France; E–Spain; F–United States; G and H–France.*

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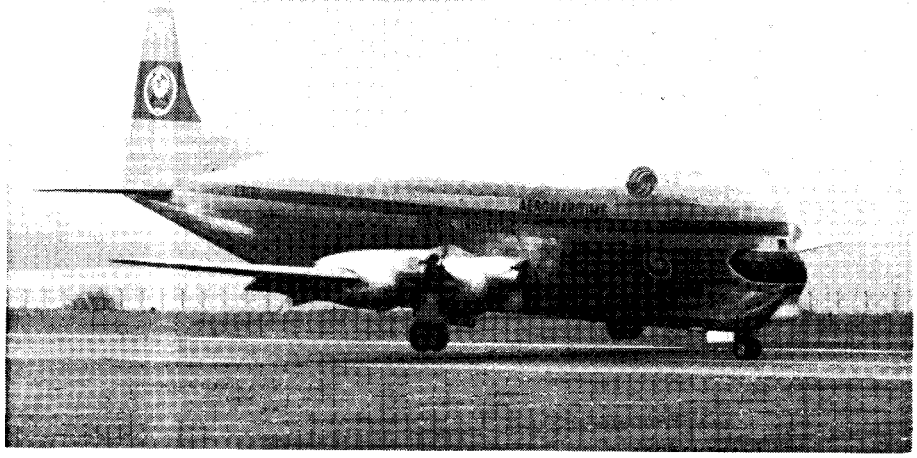

Super-Guppy 201—*Bumping down, it looks like a "mammoth, humpbacked whale."*

mer tourists returning to England from a holiday in Majorca on hot Saturday afternoons had to sit for hours in the Palma airport or even on the steaming runway, waiting for flying space aloft. More than once passengers trying to fly from New York's Kennedy International Airport have spent hours in their aircraft with the engines running, waiting to take off.

"The skies over France are just about crowded out with 100-seat airplanes. A 300-seater takes no more room than a 100-seater in the airways," says Robin Kiddle, principal project engineer for British European Airways. "You can't get a spot over Paris to get to London."

The jet age has created its own congestion—its own form of air pollution. When the age began, planes were shaped like long, narrow cylinders, with one aisle down the middle. The B-707 is a familiar example. By the mid-Sixties, in one leap, Boeing jumped from planes ten feet in diameter to the wide-bodied jet twenty feet in diameter. Says Henri Ziegler, the managing director of Airbus Industries in Paris, "You couldn't build an aircraft a mile long. This concept of wide-bodied aircraft created a new family. Instead of being in a little cylinder, you are in a large room." To this family belong the four-engine B-747 and the DC-10 and L1011 trijets. The Airbus is the first two-engine, short-range member.

To solve both problems—American dominance and air-traffic congestion—the Airbus is massive: eighteen feet, five inches wide. It will carry 260 to 345 passengers eight-abreast, plus a "big basement" filled with 40,000 pounds of containerized cargo, at a speed of 500 miles per hour between such heavily traveled points as New York and Miami, London and Paris, Copenhagen and Majorca. It will start with two models: The B2 flies up to 1460 miles, and the B4 up to 2160 miles by carrying more fuel in its wings.

The two American-built wide-bodied competitors already flying—the Lockheed L1011 TriStar and the McDonnell-Douglas DC-10—are both bigger, three-engine aircraft. The Airbus—with its two giant engines, the biggest such commercial power plants, totaling a takeoff thrust of 98,000 pounds—promises to be nearly 20 percent, or a dollar a mile, cheaper to operate than are the American trijets. This is an attractive margin for any airline.

IT HAS TAKEN A DECADE of international wheeling-dealing to get the Airbus off the ground. French interest dates back to 1963. And in Ottobrunn, outside Munich, Ludwig Bölkow, sixty, World War II builder of German fighter planes and now president of, and driving force behind, Messerschmitt-Bölkow-Blohm (MBB), Germany's largest aerospace manufacturer, remembers how he participated in a meeting of French and German manufacturing executives at the Paris air show at Le Bourget in June 1965. As a result, eight European airlines gathered in London in October that year and started drawing up specifications. The French, German, and British governments signed a draft agreement in 1967.

Manufacturers from the three countries tried to design an Airbus that all could agree on and that would have as few operating headaches as possible. There were many complications. For example, an international group of pilots and navigators held a dozen meetings, each a week long, for the purpose of concocting a cockpit acceptable to fliers of all nations. They made twenty-three versions of the flight engineers' panel before it was fixed.

The same kind of international cooperation that went into design has carried over into production. Most fuselage sections are built in Germany, the flight deck and adjacent fuselage sections in France, the wings in Great Britain, the flaps and wings-moving surfaces in the Netherlands, and the horizontal stabilizers and door frames in Spain.

The Dutch have been known to express surprise at their collaboration with the Germans. One Amsterdam aviation executive told me, "We could drink their blood in Forty-six. Now, that has to be over. We are not stupid."

Only the giant General Electric CF6-50A engines, some instruments, and the air conditioning are American. The original plan did not envision American-made engines, and even now 30 percent of each engine is made in Germany and France, and the power plants are assembled at Corbeil, south of Paris.

The Airbus already employs more than 10,000 people in six countries. When production reaches the goal of four planes per month, the project will create jobs for 75,000 workers.

In the Welsh factory of Hawker Siddeley Aviation, Ltd., birthplace of the Lancaster and Comet, 2000 people work on the Airbus's wings. They rise in a forest of giant jigs that match to minuscule exactness the master jigs in Toulouse; the wings must mate tightly to the fuselage despite temperature differences between Wales and southern France. The skin of a fifty-foot-long wing has only three joints, and all sections are carved from solid aluminum alloy by programmed tapes on the largest such milling machines in Europe.

The wing itself is a fuel tank, the outer surface of which has its rivets countersunk so that the wing will fly efficiently at high speeds. One man sits at the console of a huge automatic riveter made by Glencor in Buffalo, New York. The machine cuts and countersinks the hole, drops in a rivet, squeezes it, and mills the head flush. The man at the console calmly monitors the complex tape-directed exercise over closed-circuit TV.

Much of the work on the Airbus is incredibly precise. Says one observer about the building of a tremendous fuselage cross section, "The Germans are putting it together as if they were building a camera." At MBB in Hamburg, lathe operator Horst Klohm, thirty-four, runs a numerically controlled Fräsmachine that shapes parts as accurately as .04 mm. Klohm tells of a recent one-second power failure that jarred the machine's tape-run movements over a section of aluminum frame and destroyed four days' work.

It is possible to build major parts of the Airbus all over Europe and assemble them quickly in Toulouse because Airbus Industries owns the world's oddest, biggest transport plane, the Super-Guppy 201. The Guppy airlifts whole wings from Wales and entire airframe cross sections from Hamburg at 250 mph, bumping down awkwardly because of its grotesque bulk. Built specially for the Airbus in Santa Barbara, California, the Super-Guppy looks like a mammoth, humpbacked whale.

"Some people say a parliament can never build an aircraft. But it is more

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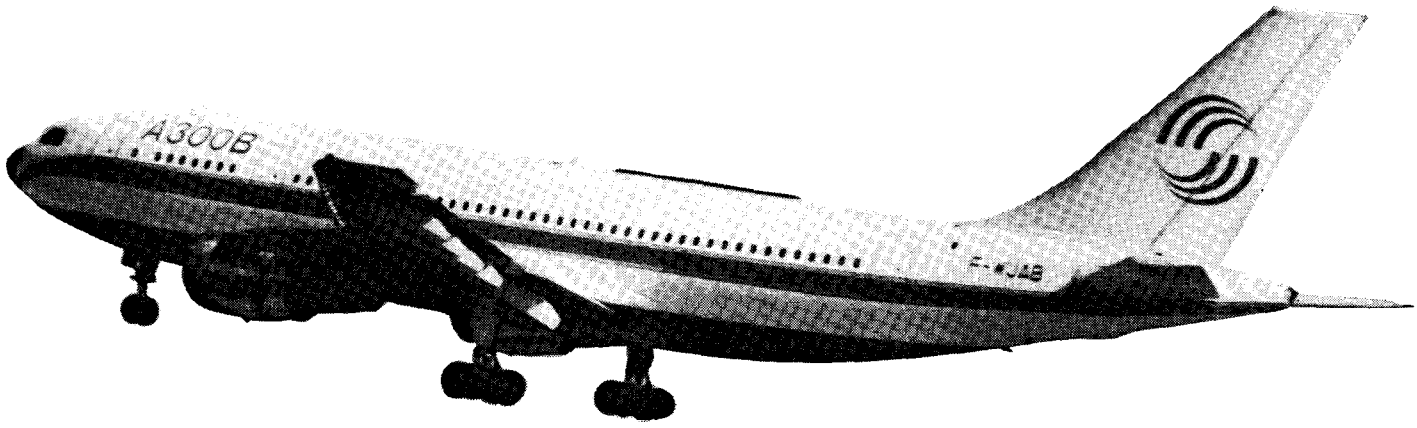

The A300B—*"It has taken a decade of international wheeling-dealing to get the Airbus off the ground."*

effective than it appears on the outside. No one in our company likes to be blamed by an Englishman for falling behind schedule," says Werner Blohm, forty-eight, who runs MBB's Hamburg operation.

The struggle for efficiency haunts MBB's managers because their American competitors have the advantage of a lower man-hours-per-pound cost. The Europeans can compete only because they pay lower wages per man-hour. Because Germany has a skilled-labor shortage, MBB spurs its 1500 Hamburg Airbus workers to extra effort by means of incentives. Says Blohm, "We have changed completely our system of wages and shifted from piece work to an incentive type of payment. The people seem to like it."

To pay for the Airbus, European governments have put their taxpayers' money behind the project. Development costs alone total $580 million. The French and German governments share the bulk of this load equally, with the Spanish government contributing 2 percent, and the Dutch 6.6 percent.

The governments also guarantee the production costs of the planes, and consortia of banks put up the necessary money. When 360 planes are sold, everyone will break even and start making money. At $16 million per plane, the break-even point will require an investment of $5.7 billion by the world's airlines.

The Airbus must compete with American planes whose foreign customers can borrow 40 percent of their cost from the U.S. Export-Import Bank at interest rates below world levels. The Common Market has no parallel bank. So the French and German governments cover the interest gap between the Ex-Im's 6 percent interest and the 8 percent that European banks demand. Airlines cannot be expected to pay higher interest to buy the Airbus.

Clearly, a lot more is involved here than just free-enterprise competition. The Airbus would not be possible without vast government support using taxpayer money. Says William Macgruder, "I'm not so sure that free trade equals fair trade in aerospace manufacturing anymore." Of course, he ignores the fact that a major part of U.S. aircraft development is paid for by huge government-financed military projects.

The European financial establishment is deeply involved in the Airbus. Supreme headquarters for the entire intricate venture is Airbus Industries in Paris. This is a special partnership of manufacturers in four European countries with Franz-Josef Strauss, the very conservative Bavarian political leader, as chairman. The French share of the work is organized by the nationalized company Aérospatiale (SNIAS) in Toulouse, which also assembles the Concorde. Its president is Henri Ziegler, sixty-six, an energetic mountain climber who doubles as managing director of Airbus Industries. German production is supervised by Deutsche Airbus, situated near Olympic Park in northern Munich and presided over by Dr. Bernhard Weinhardt, who ran the Junkers 52 program during World War II.

The British government dropped out of the Airbus project in March 1969 when Rolls-Royce got into trouble by trying to build engines for the Lockheed L1011. Rolls-Royce made one mistake in designing the engines with carbon-fiber fan blades. A jet's fans must be able to withstand the severe damage of being struck by birds weighing up to four pounds, and the carbon-fiber fans failed to meet that test. They had to be replaced at great expense and with costly delays. Rolls-Royce finally went bankrupt in good part because of a four-pound bird.

Hawker Siddeley continues to design and build the Airbus wings at Hawarden, Wales, near Chester, England, as a £13-million private investment risk.

With the British government dropping out, Henri Ziegler scaled down the Airbus somewhat and turned for engines to the General Electric Company, which had already invested more than $300 million in developing a family of powerful CF6 engines for the air force's C-5A and the civilian DC-10-30.

The Airbus's CF6-50A engines, built by GE, are giant creatures. A man can stand inside the cowling. Each engine produces a thrust of 49,000 pounds; thus it is possible to lift off a 300-passenger Airbus with only two engines and to meet the safety requirement of completing a takeoff on one engine if the other fails. The current price for one Airbus engine is $950,000.

The GE engines are quieter than those of earlier generations because, as "high bypass turbofan" engines, they move a larger mass of air through the engine at lower speed and therefore with less noise. The great power of such engines enables the planes to make faster take-offs, lessening the duration of intense noise, and to lift many more passengers, reducing the number of take-offs needed to transport the same number of people.

For these reasons, according to Brian H. Rowe, the British-born general manager of GE's commercial engine division in Cincinnati, the wide-bodied planes that use them are quieter.

With the Airbus already in production, the only problem is to sell it. Didier Godechot, commercial director of Airbus Industries, sees a world-wide sales potential. Representatives of more than thirty airlines have walked through the

WIT TWISTER NO. 1
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Benighted __ __ __ __ through
this murky fen,
Beware the __ __ __ __ who devours men!
His wife with stoups of __ __ __
__ is well content—
__ __ __ __, the lady's sanguine
temperament. A. S.

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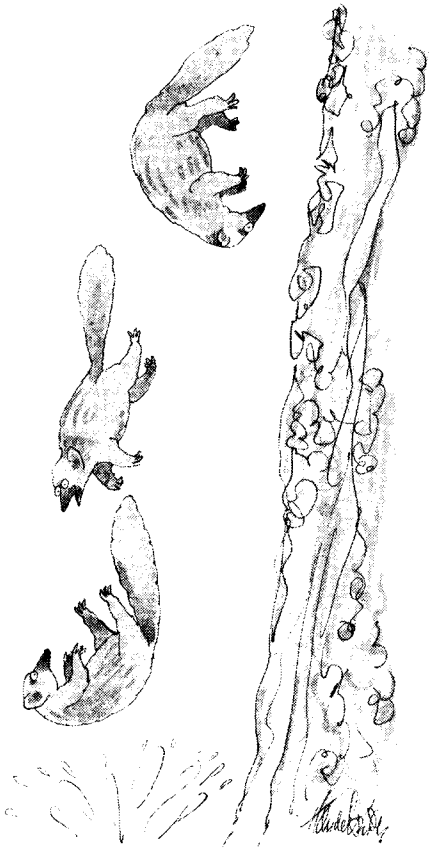
full-scale interior mock-ups at Toulouse. India, Australia, Romania, and even the People's Republic of China have displayed interest. A Chinese trade delegation that visited Toulouse to buy the Concorde looked hard at the Airbus with its high-density seating for 345 passengers.

Total success for the Airbus will depend on cracking the big American market against the toughest kind of competition. Boeing, McDonnell-Douglas, and Lockheed won't give up their bear hug on the home market without a fight. The Airbus can be profitable without penetrating the American market; but, says Dr. Lorenz Schomerus, thirty-eight, head of the aerospace section of the German Finance and Economic Ministry in Bonn, "To become a roaring success, any plane produced in the free world would have to have success on the American market."

Bölkow, too, is convinced that for the Airbus "real economic success depends on the American market." He wants 150 Airbuses sold in the United States, and, to achieve this goal, insists that America's 5 percent import duty on aircraft be wiped out. A reciprocal European duty, he figures, would hurt the sale of the billions of dollars worth of civil aircraft that the United States is expected to export in the next decade. He told an audience in Rome, "A European aero-



"You're sure it's lemurs *who are supposed to do this?"*

space industry must ask for one thing: that non-European competition is treated on the European market as our products are treated outside Europe, in terms of import conditions as well as government and public attitudes."

And in London British Minister for Aerospace Michael Heseltine said to me about the Americans: "They need Europe as much as Europe needs them." This truth changes the equation that has given American manufacturers control of the world market.

But the Americans still hold four advantages in the giant sales battle:

First is the Export-Import Bank, which finances aircraft sales at low interest rates. Over the past fifteen years, the Ex-Im Bank has supplied loans totaling $3.1 billion for the export of 796 commercial jet aircraft worth $7.6 billion. In time the Europeans will probably counter with a Common Market Ex-Im Bank.

Second is the depreciation of the value of the American dollar, which is making the Airbus more and more expensive for American airlines to buy.

Third is the 5 percent U.S. duty on the importation of foreign aircraft. Airbus leaders want either the American duty eliminated or a reciprocal tax instituted so that the competition is evened.

Finally, the airlines want commonality. That is, they want to be able to interchange parts throughout their aircraft fleets to reduce replacement costs and lost time. A plane like the Airbus has as many as 50,000 different spare parts. Therefore, when buying new planes, an airline with a big commitment in Boeing planes prefers to stick to the same manufacturer. As Lorenz Schomerus explains, "If you have been married for decades with someone, it has psychological problems to get in close relations with someone else."

Despite these American advantages, four European airlines have already ordered the Airbus. Air France ordered the first six, and Lufthansa bought three. Iberia Airlines ordered four of the longer-range B4 model, and Denmark's Sterling Airways, Europe's largest charter line, took three B4's to lift large loads of tourists to the Mediterranean and the Canary Islands. Says a Lufthansa executive, "It's a very good buy today."

Despite the enormous complexities of getting designers, manufacturers, airlines, banks, and governments of six nations to join forces on this project, the Airbus, almost miraculously, is working out. One sunny day last fall I flew down from Paris in the Super-Guppy, to the first public "roll out" of the Airbus at Toulouse. After the speeches the Airbus and the Concorde were brought out. The two planes were a dramatic contrast, the sleek, thin Concorde a racehorse against the Airbus workhorse. The Airbus, black-nosed and gray-bellied, looked as if it could swallow the whole Concorde. Inside, the Concorde seemed narrow and cramped, the Airbus spacious and roomlike.

Exactly a month later the Airbus lifted off on its maiden test flight. Since then a second Airbus has taken off, and the two prototypes have now flown a total of 431 hours and 55 minutes on their way to certification late this year. The first Airbus will visit the United States in October on a sales-demonstration tour. Already pilots from Air France, Iberia, and Lufthansa have handled the Airbus's controls. Twelve more planes are on the production line, and next spring the Airbus will fly commercially for the first time in the colors of Air France between Paris and London—the busiest run in Europe.

The Airbus's creators are confident that by 1982 they will sell more than the 360 aircraft needed for the project to break even. They believe their plane will be the forerunner of Europe's own integrated aerospace industry. Unlike the grandeur-inspired Concorde, they say, the Airbus will be a pragmatic success. They figure they have built a better mousetrap.

British Aerospace Minister Heseltine says, "No single European country can afford to support an industry that can compete meaningfully [with the United States]. We must move from ad hoc collaboration on specific projects to an integrated European aircraft industry."

In Bonn Dr. Schomerus agrees: "In Europe, there is no more room for national aircraft industries. We are going to have a European aircraft industry or none. That is official policy."

The French are more nationalistic. Henri Ziegler says, "It may come to disaster if done too rapidly. I'm going step by step." But when the Europe-wide industry does come, French government officials make it very clear, they ambitiously dream of making the vast complex at Toulouse its center.

Last July the Commission of the European Community recommended the consolidation of Europe's aeronautical industry eventually into one aircraft engine company and two airframe manufacturers. The commission declared, "This sort of enterprise should be both big and highly concentrated."

The Airbus is the key to this future. It promises to fly more travelers without all the delays and dangers of overcrowded airlanes and airports. It also promises to give the world-dominating American aircraft industry real competition for the first time. □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS

The Greening of Meadows

A Latin American World Model Holds Out Hope to Developing Nations

For the nations of the developing world, the book *Limits to Growth* reads like a sentence to permanent poverty. If, as Meadows and his associates contend, zero economic growth is essential to survival, there is not much future for two-thirds of mankind. If it is *not* true, but is widely believed by those who already have both lined and fouled their nest, the effect might well be the same: The developing nations would be denied the opportunity to attain even the basic amenities of life.

Although barely a corporal's guard is today marching under the banner of zero growth, the Third World is plainly worried by the industrialized nations' sudden concern for the environment. Its scholars are working on world models of their own, starting from different premises and assumptions. One model that is attracting considerable interest is that of a Latin American group headed by Amilcar O. Herrera in Buenos Aires.

"The central objective of the model," writes Dr. Herrera, "is not to show what could happen in case the present world trends continue . . . but to propose a possible way to attain, within a reasonable period of time, the goal of a humanity freed from the restrictions which at present hinder its development in the widest sense. [It is] an attempt to build a certain conception of a global human society and to show that its attainment and existence are compatible with the preservation of the ecosystem."

Much of Dr. Herrera's description of his world model is highly mathematical and technical, but his goal is clear: "an egalitarian society, both socially and internationally," in which production will be determined by human needs and not by profit.

"The model's main feature is that every human being has the right to a reasonable level of satisfaction in the goods and services we consider basic for the development of the human being. We have determined what is the adequate quantity of goods—material, cultural, and spiritual—which each person needs to develop fully as a human being *without wasting resources*. This will be translated to a Basic Needs Function, which will be finally expressed in economic terms. The items included in the Basic Needs Function are: (1) food; (2) health; (3) housing; (4) education; (5) communications and information; (6) transportation.

"We will indicate for each one of the items the satisfaction level which has to be attained for all the world's inhabitants. The general level of satisfaction will be evaluated by a set of indicators, such as calories per capita, square meters of housing per capita, expectancy of life at birth, years of education, etc."

For purposes of analysis, the world will be divided into five blocs—two developed and three underdeveloped. In a later stage of the project, relationships between the blocs will be examined under three different hypotheses:

a) The developed countries continue their present trend of economic growth and do not help, but do not hinder, the growth of developing countries. The developing countries collaborate among themselves.

b) The developed countries devote part of their economic surplus to helping the less advanced countries. That means that they accept restriction of their own economic growth.

c) The world is really integrated, and its general evolution is convergent.

The study will conclude with an analysis of the sociopolitical factors on which attainment of the project's stated goals depends. No results of any part of the study will be published "until the whole model has been tested."

To many, all of this will seem unrealistic. Dr. Herrera himself refers to the model as utopian, but not in the sense that it is therefore unachievable. Whatever one's view, it must be conceded that his premises are challenging.

"No policy for the preservation of the biosphere or of reduction of consumption of natural resources has any chance of effective international implementation until every human being has reached an acceptable level of life.

"The main obstacles that hinder human development are not material, at least in the foreseeable future. Those impediments are of a sociopolitical nature, depending essentially on power relationships between nations and between social groups within each country.

"The underdeveloped societies cannot leave their state of backwardness, as is already evident, by following the development patterns of the . . . industrialized countries. Even if it were possible, it is not desirable, as it would mean following the same road which has led the latter to the present situation of wasteful and irrational consumption, accelerated social deterioration, and, ultimately, to increasing alienation."

"Man and the Biosphere"

For hundreds of scientists and international civil servants who have been toiling in the environmental vineyards for many years, the impression that concern for the global environment began with the Stockholm conference last year is a source of intense annoyance. In truth, the publicity accorded the U.N. Conference on the Human Environment did tend to ignore the activities of nearly a dozen U.N. organizations and agencies that have been involved with environmental problems for as many as twenty-five years.

One example is UNESCO (United Nations Economic, Scientific, and Cultural Organization), which has long engaged in research on natural resources and the special problems of arid zones, the humid tropics, and the oceans. The International Hydrological Decade and the Intergovernmental Oceanographic Commission are under its umbrella. Its most ambitious and current undertaking in the environmental field goes back to 1966 (two years before the Stockholm conference was proposed) when UNESCO's general conference asked the director-general to convene an intergovernmental conference on "the scientific basis for rational use and conservation of the resources of the biosphere." Two years later in Paris the "Biosphere Conference" was held, and

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out of it—very gradually—emerged the international interdisciplinary program "Man and the Biosphere" (MAB).

In purpose MAB differs from earlier U.N. research programs in several respects: It is problem oriented, focusing on man's impact on the environment and the development of sound management practices; and it is far more interdisciplinary, engaging the social sciences as well as the natural and physical sciences.

Thirteen broad subject areas have been selected for study (see box); and at its last meeting in April, MAB's coordinating council, composed of twenty-five nations, selected four for initial attention. They were chosen primarily because a significant number of nations seemed especially interested in them and ready to move, after what is recognized as a very long preparatory period.

The most interesting item on the agenda is the last—"Perception of Environmental Quality." It is conceived both as a topic in itself and as informing all the other topics. Neither will be easy: Many so-called hard scientists are highly skeptical of social science; the social scientists themselves have been dragging their feet; cultural differences will create problems of comparability of data; and uniform methodologies have not been as well established in the social sciences as in the natural sciences. Nevertheless, the success of MAB may well hinge on the extent to which the skills and perceptions of social scientists are incorporated in the work. It was at least agreed at the last meeting of the coordinating council that henceforth the social sciences would be represented on all expert panels and in working groups. In addition, under the perception heading itself, several study topics have been chosen expressly because of their comparability among different societies: for example, how people react to disaster warnings and what draws people to national parks.

So far, about fifty countries have established national committees for MAB. Each country will finance its own research or seek funding from established agencies where necessary. Despite the word *biosphere* in the title, MAB studies will obviously need to focus in most cases on particular ecosystems (such as the Amazonian jungle or the southern Sahara) that a number of countries share in common. Thus, much of the initiative depends on individual countries, and coordination will tend to be regional rather than global.

What all this activity will lead to, and how it will relate to Maurice Strong's UNEP operations, remains to be seen. UNESCO does not lack for critics, who assert that it is bogged down in political infighting, bureaucratic red tape, and diffusion of purpose. (For example, UNESCO's own social-science department has a "Man and the Environment" program, budgeted at nearly $1 million annually and clearly overlapping MAB.) If priorities are to be chosen wisely, if real coordination is to be achieved, and if work is to go forward with an adequate sense of urgency, UNEP's involvement will be as necessary as it will doubtless be resented.

MAB

This logo, incorporating the Egyptian symbol of life, identifies MAB.

MAB Project Areas

*1. Ecological effects of increasing human activities on *tropical and subtropical ecosystems.*
(Working group to meet February 1974 in Brazil.)

2. Ecological effects of different land uses and management practices on *temperate and Mediterranean forest landscapes.*

*3. Impact of human activities and land-use practices on *grazing lands*: savanna, grassland (from temperate to arid areas), tundra.
(Working group to meet March 1974 in U.K.)

4. Impact of human activities on the dynamics of *arid- and semiarid-zone ecosystems*, with particular attention to the effects of irrigation.

*5. Ecological effects of human activities on the value and resources of *lakes, marshes, rivers, deltas, estuaries, and coastal zones.*
(Working group to meet May 1973 in France.)

*6. Impact of human activities on *mountain ecosystems.*
(Working group to meet October 1973 in Norway.)

7. Ecology and rational use of *island ecosystems.*

8. Conservation of *natural areas* and of the *genetic material* they contain.

9. Ecological assessment of *pest management and fertilizer use* on terrestrial and aquatic ecosystems.

10. Effects on man and his environment of *major engineering works.*

11. Ecological aspects of *energy utilization in urban and industrial systems.*

12. Interactions between *environmental transformations and genetic and demographic changes.*

13. Perception of environmental quality.

A final, unnumbered project area—*education and training*—relates to all the others.

*Project areas selected for initial attention.

Global Report

Tokyo—The reason Japan has the most staggering environmental problems of any developed nation can be given, only slightly simplified, in one word: *concentration.* In a country one-twenty-fifth the size of the United States, half the population lives on 2 percent of the land. Although Prime Minister Tanaka is pushing for the decentralization of people and industry, the opportunities are limited by geography and other factors. Nevertheless, it was reported recently by the Japanese equivalent of the American Manufacturers Association that, of the industrial plants in the vicinity of Tokyo Bay with more than fifty employees, 29 percent are planning to move out. In the same report it was stated that in the fiscal year ending March 31 the ratio of capital costs of antipollution equipment to total investment in plant and equipment throughout Japan rose to 11.7 percent from 8.7 percent the year before. The 1972 figure is more than twice that for the United States.

United Nations, N.Y.—At the instigation of the Economic and Social Council, the General Assembly will be asked this fall to approve a revolving fund for the exploration of mineral, water, and

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U.S. Industry Is $22.3 Billion Behind in Pollution Control

At present rates of spending, U.S. business and industry will require more than three years to meet pollution-control laws and regulations now on the books. According to a McGraw-Hill survey, an expenditure of $22.3 billion is needed to catch up, compared with planned outlays of $6.2 billion this year. During the next three years, U.S. business expects to increase its total anti-pollution expenditures by only 15 percent. By 1976 tougher standards, combined with inflation, may put industry even further away from meeting requirements.

Business expects to invest $3.62 billion in air-pollution control this year, compared with $2.59 billion for water-pollution control. However, investment in water cleanup is rising faster, changing a trend that has predominated for several years.

Capital spending on pollution in 1973 will amount to 5.9 percent of all capital investment—a figure that is expected to remain constant over the next three years. But among different industries the range is striking, with a high of 42.5 percent in the paper industry (see box).

THE BIG SPENDERS

(In billions of dollars)

Industry	Spending Required*	Planned 1973	Percent of Total**
Electric Utilities	$3.88	$1.14	6.8%
Petroleum	2.74	.56	9.6
Chemicals	2.25	.54	12.3
Iron & Steel	1.74	.28	13.6
Paper	1.62	.85	42.5
Non-Ferrous Metals	1.47	.43	22.5
Stone, Clay & Glass	1.32	.16	7.7
Other Durables	1.04	.23	9.5

*Amount required to meet present pollution laws and regulations.

**Capital expenditures on pollution control as percent of total capital investment planned for 1973.

Source: Economics Department, McGraw-Hill.

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energy resources in developing countries. Funding of $20 million per year in voluntary contributions is proposed. It is estimated that the fund would become self-sustaining in about fifteen years, as beneficiaries begin to pay back loans out of revenues from the newly exploited resources. The revolving feature of the fund has not been used before in U.N. assistance programs. Although the council approved the plan without any dissenting votes, the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Soviet Union were among nine who abstained.

Paris—NATO's Committee on the Challenges of Modern Society *(World Environment Newsletter,* October 10, 1972) is planning to undertake three more studies related to the environment: hazardous substances, solar energy, and geothermal energy. In accordance with CCMS's usual practice, one country (yet to be assigned) will assume major responsibility for the research, "pledging its funds, expertise, and other resources to implement that task"—thereby avoiding the expense and management of a substantial secretariat. Rather, CCMS marshals existing knowledge, reaches its conclusions within a couple of years, and then makes "action recommendations which might be implemented in the relatively near term." Other CCMS projects include fighting air pollution, inland- and coastal-water pollution, environmental and regional planning (all nearing completion), and waste-water treatment.

Washington—According to the Department of Agriculture, one way of getting rid of old newspaper is to feed it to cattle. Researchers say that shredded paper can safely make up 8 percent of the roughage in the diet of a cud-chewing animal. In current tests the newspaper is mixed with molasses, soybean meal, and cracked corn.

Manchester—In Great Britain the ratio of vehicles to miles of road is the highest in the world (see box). On a recent weekend, traffic jams of from four to nine miles were reported in various parts of England. The worst tie-up was in the famed Lake District, where the Automobile Association reported that traffic had reached the "saturation point."

Vehicles Per Mile of Road

Great Britain	62.6
Netherlands	57.3
Italy	56.1
West Germany	55.5
Belgium	39.0
United States	28.6
France	28.0
Japan	24.7
Sweden	21.8
Canada	15.8
Republic of Ireland	12.0
Australia	8.4
India	1.7

Stockholm—A device has been developed here to apply artificial respiration to dying lakes. It has already been used effectively on one small but highly polluted lake in which the oxygen was exhausted from its eighty-five-foot bottom to within sixteen feet of the surface.

Lowered to a deep part of the lake, the device pumped compressed air and a mixture of chemical compounds into the water, overburdened with nutrients. Over a period of months the water cleared, the growth of new plants was reduced by half, and the oxygen content returned to normal. It remains to be seen whether the lake can continue to purify itself without artificial resuscitation and whether the device, developed by Atlas Copco, will be effective in larger bodies of water.

Yakutsk, USSR—In this eastern Siberian city about 1400 miles north of Vladivostok, more than 400 specialists are presently gathered to discuss a topic of consuming interest well beyond the scientific fraternity: "permafrost." The agenda item of broadest appeal is "Principles of Construction in Permafrost Regions." Hundreds of papers are being delivered, fifty-eight of them by Americans. The chairman of the Soviet delegation, who toured the United States in May, is Professor P. I. Melnikov, head of the Permafrost Institute.

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Tokyo—Japan is having even more difficulty than the United States in siting new or expanded power plants. Opposition by local residents is currently holding up 3.5 million kilowatts of increased capacity. If things continue as they are, Japan's reserve supply of electric power is expected to drop to 0.9 percent by 1976, from a normal reserve capacity of 10 percent.

Atlanta—Starting next year, some 2000 tons of solid waste will be hauled out of this city each week and deposited in clay pits nearly 100 miles away. A new $1.25 million plant will shred and bale the trash and garbage and load it onto special flatcars of the Southern Railway. Much thought has been given to long-distance hauling of solid waste, but Atlanta is the first U.S. city to do it.

Geneva—Technologists in Japan, France, and Switzerland are competing in the development of a lightweight satellite earth station that could be quickly airlifted to the site of a natural disaster. Such a device, it is estimated, might save a million lives over a ten-year period.

Often, more people die in the aftermath of a disaster than are killed by the disaster itself—and frequently the cause is the lack of rapid, accurate communications. Officials on the scene cannot reach relief agencies to report conditions or to specify the aid needed; indeed, they may not know themselves. An effective disaster-relief system needs a telecommunications package of not more than about 3000 pounds, which could flash emergency signals via satellite to a permanent earth station somewhere in Europe, and from there to disaster-relief headquarters. It would provide two voice and two telex channels, its own power generator, a radio transmitter/receiver to cover the immediate area, a small telephone exchange, and a receiver for walkie-talkie sets.

London—The population of the United Kingdom increased last year by only 131,000. Births declined by an astonishing 7.7 percent, while the death rate was higher than usual. In a country where many believe that zero population growth should be a national objective, the goal could be reached next year if present trends continue.

Ajaccio, Corsica—Complaints, demonstrations, and even rioting by Corsican citizens have not prevented the Italian firm Montedison from the continued dumping of wastes—principally iron sulphate and sulphuric acid—thirty-five miles or so north of this island. The resulting "red mud" in the fishing waters and on the beaches of Corsica has infuriated Frenchmen, but the French government, which itself has done next to nothing about pollution in the Mediterranean, has kept its cool. Although the government has made representations to Rome, French Environment Minister Robert Poujade maintains that there are no international legal grounds for preventing the dumping and that the good will of the Italian government must be relied on. Now the Corsican local authorities, who contest Poujade's legal analysis, are bringing suit against Montedison and the authorities of the port of Livorno, from which depart the boats carrying the waste material. The Italians are attempting to resolve the problem by immersing the waste before dumping it; but uncertain that this will appease the Corsicans, they also are reported to be using naval escorts for the dumping operation.

The Rhine Worsens

Despite all the talk and attention, pollution of the Rhine is getting worse—partly as a result of continued low water. At a recent conference in Düsseldorf it was predicted that if the situation did not improve soon, 20 million consumers would be without potable water.

Paris—The Institut Pasteur has been celebrating its one-hundredth birthday amid a growing recognition that the fight against bacteria undertaken by its founder, far from being solved by the discovery of antibiotics, is a continuing, Sisyphean task. Microbiologists and biochemists from the institute write that owing to the widespread use, abuse, and misuse of antibiotics, "man has considerably accelerated the evolution of microbic species by favoring the species that are spontaneously very resistant. . . . If severe measures are not taken very rapidly, doctors could find themselves, with respect to infectious diseases, in the pre-antibiotic Middle Ages." The increasingly difficult challenge to the pharmaceutical laboratories is to find new antibiotics faster than the bacteria can develop resistance to the older ones. Since 1966 an average of seven commercial antibiotics has come onto the market each year.

Who's in Charge Here?

Do local governments in the United States have the authority to impose curfews on jet flights as a means of controlling noise?

Does the EPA have authority to set standards for pollution from aircraft?

Does the EPA or FAA (Federal Aviation Administration) have responsibility for setting noise standards for aircraft?

These questions are presently without answers. Indeed, of the many areas of environmental concern in the United States, aviation seems the most chaotic.

As to the question of local authority to limit night flights, one might have thought this had been settled by the 5–4 decision of the Supreme Court ruling that the city of Burbank, California, could not impose a curfew at the privately owned airport within its jurisdiction. Such regulation of aviation, the majority held, is the exclusive province of the federal government. But the Burbank case is an oddity: Virtually all airports used by certified air carriers are publicly owned. Whether the Burbank ruling would apply where a state or local public agency was the proprietor of the airport has not been tested. Meanwhile, those who favor local control have powerful friends, for the Department of Transportation, the Department of Justice, and the EPA are all in favor of home rule with respect to limiting night jet flights. The airlines are strongly opposed.

The other questions at the head of this column may be partially clarified this month when the EPA is required by the 1972 Noise Control Act to submit recommendations to the FAA on noise standards. Ultimate responsibility rests with the FAA, which is not obliged to accept EPA's recommendations; if the FAA rejects them, it will presumably be on the grounds of safety.

But even the FAA's jurisdiction may be circumscribed. At appropriation hearings before Congress this spring, it developed that no one was sure who had authority to set noise regulations for the SST. Some interpreted FAA's charter as covering only subsonic aircraft and concluded that the only governing body having authority to prevent the SST from operating in the United States was the New York Port Authority.

At the same time the EPA was assuring critics that an SST operating in the United States would have to meet noise standards more stringent than current FAA regulations. In the same statement, the EPA said it was working to decide whether it has the authority to set standards for aircraft pollutants.

Is everything perfectly clear?

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HISTORY AND IMAGINATION

An Interpretation of Universal History
by José Ortega y Gasset
Translated by Mildred Adams
W. W. Norton, 302 pp. $8.95

Reviewed by Charles Lam Markmann

"What I firmly believe," the late José Ortega y Gasset declared in the eleventh of these twelve lectures delivered between 1948 and 1949 in the new Instituto de Humanidades in Madrid, "is that what characterizes man is his extreme abundance of imagination, which is so scarce in other species; therefore, that man is a fantastic animal and that universal history is the gigantic, continuous, and insistent effort to go, little by little, putting some order into the crazy fantasy."

He found nothing but the antithesis of this belief in A. J. Toynbee, and it was in order to demolish the British scholar's foundation for the first six volumes of *A Study of History* that Ortega prepared this course of lectures for the Institute of the Humanities; he had established it in Madrid in 1948 after years of exile and silence subsequent to his withdrawal in 1936 from that aborted Spanish republic that he had been instrumental in founding in 1931. He had planned the institute, which these lectures inaugurated, as "an institute of history, but by *history* I understand the study of human reality from the most remote past up to and including living men." (Three years later the institute mysteriously ceased to exist.)

History, he added, is much more than archives: Without theories on which to base an understanding of the human realities, there can be no history;

> it is still an adolescent science which frequently babbles. But, as it is, under another name, the science of man, and as man is entering an extremely critical period so far as his fate is concerned, we have the duty of making an energetic and peremptory effort to transform it into an adult science.

This was the focal reason for the institute, because "the fundamental, the basic doctrine in all history is the general theory of that strange reality which is human life; human life which is always the life of someone. . . ."

Precisely because his own was so abundant an imagination, Ortega viewed man's individual life here and now as the basic reality, ousting all absolutes, whether absolute reason or absolute truth: For Ortega, neither of these existed. And it is on the basis of this philosophy that he attacked Toynbee's absolutism as well as his mechanistic rigidity. It is a curious footnote indeed that Ortega, with his rejection of absolutes, is so often claimed as a patron by American conservatives to whom the very thought of contingency is an immorality.

It is curious too that an Ortega—or his master, Miguel de Unamuno—should have towered up out of the intellectual desert that Spain has been since the self-imposed "Tibetization" (to use Ortega's word) that followed the triumph of the Inquisition and the apogee of Spanish hegemony. Born into what was virtually a catatonic, inbred nation (as it is still), he burgeoned into a European, indeed a universal philosopher-poet who never lost the spirit of divine play; it is Toynbee, scion of a vital, infinitely mingled, and vigorous culture, who appears, in contrast, rooted, arrested in marble elegy, or, worse, in what Ortega calls "the well-known torpor of historians." The prophet, Ortega contends, and the intellectual as prophet, must of necessity always prophesy *against*: He must not be guilty of "the vice of intellectual optimism which we inherited from the Greek philosophers, . . . which the rationalist philosophers of the eighteenth century sanctified under a kind of progressivism, and whose cure or correction is the most urgent and important reform that must be made in the contemporary mind." That vice, he says, is the "inopportune and bigoted idealism which does not accept the fact that historic reality, apart from passing disorders, can be constitutionally sick and defective."

But to Toynbee, in Ortega's view, history is a kind of automatic onward-and-upward Skinnerism *avant la lettre*: Every civilization is nothing but challenge and response; and, furthermore, all civilizations subsequent to the six more or less contemporary primal ancestors are matters of strict filiation. Neither a philosopher nor a poet can readily accept so simplistic a pattern system, Ortega makes it clear; nor, he makes it equally clear, can a historian worth his name. He instances Toynbee's dogmatic explanation of all migrations: They have been caused either by overpopulation or by invasions; but, Ortega notes, there has never been any evidence of even relative overpopulation in the ancient world, nor does Toynbee explain what incited the presumed first invasions that pushed out the indigenes.

ORTEGA HIMSELF raises the question whether migration may not be quite naturally the response to the attraction of virgin land, as in the case of the expansion of the United States from the eastern seaboard. He finds in it, indeed, modern corroboration of that trend that has marked all history from the time of the Assyrians: Empire has always moved "from east to west, as do the stars," and it continues to do so: "This is what we call *'translatio imperii.'* It indicates that empire apparently follows a sidereal course" and "seems, then, to be a law of the world." But this notion, like that of the decanting of civilized experience, which was so vivid to the Greeks and Romans, is totally absent from Toynbee's book, Ortega complains.

Instead, for Toynbee everything depends on *Völkerwanderungen*—those great barbarian migrations—and the response of the invading hordes to the challenge of the new regions and of the civilizations already in place there. These two challenges are of equal rank in Toynbee's system. Without challenge, he contends, there can be no response, though he concedes that too great a challenge may simply paralyze response. Ortega, however, very reasonably argues for the human factor: "Geography does not drag history along; it only incites it." Toynbee's own self-contradictions on the challenge of a difficult region—it arouses the best in the invader and yet at the same time frightens off the next would-be invader—serve to fortify Ortega's perfectly sound observation that "a people sets itself in a specific terrain not because it challenges them, but because it pleases them."

The basic flaw that Ortega diagnoses in all Toynbee's work is one that compels our consideration: Toynbee, Ortega charges, always views every civilization "from without, as one contemplates the mountains; and thus he makes the soul of the tourist which God has given the English go wandering through the vastness of history." Hence Toynbee takes the Roman Empire as the prototype for his thesis of the universal state as the apogee of any civilization; but, to Or-

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tega, the Roman Empire was an abnormality—an insight that could be gained only by being viewed from within. For "human life is a reality in which everything is internal, including that which we call external."

It is only by taking account of this internality in viewing history, Ortega points out, that one can recognize the "great historical error" that Toynbee makes when he disregards—if in fact he is not ignorant of—the profound structural difference between the Greco-Roman and the modern European civilizations: The one was invertebrate, whereas the other is bi-lobar, the Rhine being in effect its spinal column. But the same superficial externality that plunged Toynbee into his error, Ortega argues, is the essentially dangerous characteristic of the new "internationalists," of whom Toynbee is one. Their journalistic accumulation of data, however exhaustive, however accurate, "ignores the fact that the collective life of a people, a nation, is an intimate—and to a certain extent a secret—matter, very like what those words mean when one says of a personal life that it is an intimacy within itself, and no one who looks at it from the outside can easily come to understand it."

"Literature! Romanticism!" one's sociologist friends might snarl. Certainly what I have quoted has little in common with either Toynbee's "empirical method" or the statistical and other manipulations by which, in due course, he seeks to prove his thesis of the succession of universal states and universal religions out of which civilizations are made, each barricaded within its own isolated heredity, immune to any cross-fertilization through outside influences (though in the end he must yield on this point), each the same kind of "intelligible historical field" following identical progressions: invasion by barbarians ("external proletariat"), chaotic "interregnum" (all these quoted terms are Toynbee's), centuries of formation and development, "times of troubles," a universal state in which one of the component nations dominates the others in the civilization, and then a universal religion brought to birth by the civilization's "internal proletariat." One can see—especially when one turns to the source—why Ortega concludes that "Toynbee's book is a strange attempt, by means of the gigantic, the pertinacious, and the unpleasant, to turn gray all the cats of history."

If Ortega's book were merely an episode in a dispute among historians, or among philosophers, or between a philosopher and a historian, it would still be of much value and interest. But, like almost everything else Ortega has written, it is literature of a high order. Every page, even though the translator's choice of word or phrase falls something short of the felicitous, is pleasure to anyone who loves language and imagery.

Ortega is especially sensitive to words and their origins and evolutions, rightly seeing in etymologies and locutions vital clues to histories and cultures. Sometimes he plays with them quite consciously, for the greater pleasure and enrichment of his mind and ours—it was the late

"Toynbee, scion of a vital, vigorous culture, appears arrested in marble elegy or, worse, in what Ortega calls 'the well-known torpor of historians.' "

Richard Hofstadter, I believe, who once defined the intellectual as the man who loves the play of ideas. And there is here a dazzling, endless game of ideas and striking insights. For lagniappe, points having to do with antiquity or the substance of general propositions are often illustrated with fascinating, concrete stories out of the past or with equally entrancing recollections of the turn-of-the-century Madrid of Ortega's boyhood, of walking tours through Spain with older scholar-friends, and even of things read. Some of these interpolations are of questionable immediacy to the matter in hand, but all of them are delightful—vignettes of a lost world, and perhaps not well lost—certainly not lost for love.

In their own way these divagations serve most usefully to illustrate Ortega's conviction—which is anathema to Toynbee—that history is at least as much contingency as mechanics; that men's desires and aspirations can be determining as well as determined; and that certain universal influences have penetrated all civilizations not only from primitive prehistory—from which, according to Toynbee, they are hermetically walled off—but also through contacts among contemporary civilizations.

It is in the history of that great abnormality, the Roman Empire ("the only history of a people . . . which is known to us from its cradle to its grave"), that Ortega finds the key to the fate of Rome and, he fears, of modern Western civilization:

> . . . that the state, the exercise of public power, begins by being illegitimate and ends by being illegitimate; that as a people reaches its extreme maturity the most unexpected thing happens: the reappearance of all the characteristics which the statal function manifests when it is primitive. Of this function there remains only what it has of urgent surgery, of social function in the hour of peril.

Illegitimacy, he argues, is an inevitable concomitant of the enrichment of the possibilities of life (that is, of modernity); when it appears, he emphasizes, the only hope of attaining again to legitimacy lies first of all in accepting illegitimacy as a fact, rather than in trying to pretend it out of existence or to make it the guilt of a man or a class.

Even to attempt to do justice to all the allegations of fallacy, and worse, that Ortega lodges against Toynbee, and to the evidence and argument that he adduces, is beyond the scope of any essay shorter than his book; at the same time one cannot escape the impression that now and then Ortega takes a rather unchivalrous—if unavoidable—advantage of his superior intellect, his deeper learning, his subtler sensibilities, and, particularly, his infinitely greater literary artistry. Sometimes, too, one feels that—to borrow one of his own favorite sources of metaphor—he is demanding more of his bull than bullhood is capable of; occasionally one wonders whether perhaps Ortega may not be slightly shading Toynbee's thought—but that wonder can never really be resolved.

All this is finally shunted to its rightfully subordinate place, however, by Ortega's emphasis on

> something that differs from the idea of challenge-response in Toynbee, and, in my judgment, effectively constitutes human life: namely, that no surroundings or change of surroundings can in itself be described as an obstacle, a difficulty, and a challenge for man, but that the difficulty is always relative to the projects that man creates in his imagination, to what he customarily calls his ideals; in short, relative to what man wants to be. This affords us an idea of challenge-and-response which is much deeper and more decisive than the merely anecdotal, adventitious, and accidental idea that Toynbee proposes. In its light all of human life appears to us as what it is permanently: a dramatic confrontation and struggle of man with the world and not a mere occasional maladjustment which is produced at certain moments.

José Ortega y Gasset has never been adequately known in this country, or adequately esteemed anywhere; his thought, especially since his death, has too often been shanghaied into the service of men and causes that he would have disdained to recognize. While *An Interpretation of Universal History* may not be in the very foremost rank of his work, his second level towers above his contemporaries' summits. The book is essential to the library not only of everyone interested in its author but of everyone concerned with the world inside and outside the intellect. One hopes it will also serve to stimulate new attention to the whole of Ortega's work. One hopes as well that subsequent printings will eliminate such recurrent gross errors as "philogenetic." □

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WOMEN, KINDLY AND UNKINDLY

GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY
by Heinrich Böll
Translated by Leila Vennewitz
McGraw Hill, 405 pp., $7.95

THE SUMMER BEFORE THE DARK
by Doris Lessing
Knopf, 273 pp., $6.95

REGIMENT OF WOMEN
by Thomas Berger
Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Edward Grossman

BÖLL IS THE first German to get the Nobel Prize for literature since Thomas Mann received his in 1929. Such a long interval is not to be accounted for simply by the Nobel committee's tradition of apportioning literary prizes according to a kind of fairness doctrine—now a Frenchman, then an American, next a Jew or a woman, perhaps a Japanese. To wait forty-three years was, in this case, also a sign that the judges knew something had happened in Germany during those years to disrupt language. They very likely felt that when the time came finally to give the book prize to a German again, Böll would have to be chosen on the basis of how he went about his duty of cutting through the contemporary stainless sheen of German peace and prosperity to dredge and redredge the country's intervening dirty history since Mann had accepted his award. Of the two writers who have been doing their duty—Günter Grass and Heinrich Böll—Böll got the nod, and his *Group Portrait With Lady*, now available in English, was cited as the exemplary summing up of his work.

As he has done before, Böll puts a misfit character at the center of *Group Portrait*. She is Leni Pfeiffer, a war widow pushing fifty, the proprietress of a failing rooming house for Turkish and Yugoslav workers, a woman "whom the neighbors would be quite happy to see gassed." Why? Because she seems to be—and Böll truly means her to be—a good German, an actual representative of that mythical, much-maligned tribe. Ironically enough, thanks to her blue eyes and blonde hair, she was chosen as the "most German girl in her school" by "a roving commission of racial experts." It was their mistake. None too bright but with a good, sensual, apolitical heart, Leni suffered the war and survived it, never quite knowing what was going on. Thoughtlessly she even displayed heroism, sheltering a nun who was not an Aryan and making love with a Soviet P.O.W. during air raids. Her reward is to be a loser in the world's eyes: constantly misunderstood, pitied, feared, and hated, during the war and after, by all those who know her marginally or intimately—except a select group of friends and admirers.

Leni, then, is the Lady of the novel's title, and those talking about her are the Group, such a diverse gallery of people—cabinet ministers, prostitutes, garbage men, Catholics, Communists, Nazis, poets, profiteers—as to constitute what looks like a deliberate cross-section of the Germans over the last forty years. Their remarks about the heroine are arranged in a sequence of roughly chronological excerpts, which read as if they have been lifted from a police dossier or a public-opinion poll, leaving intact the stilted, formal language such documents affect. Characteristically, Böll is here arch and dry on the surface, seemingly cynical, but actually grasping for some redemptive sense of value, possibly religious.

Almost none of the evidence on her full, strange life comes from Leni directly. It is all second- and thirdhand. Perhaps this is one of the reasons that although the reader is willing to believe in the lady's warmth and goodness, the space she inhabits in the center of the novel remains comparatively still, empty, and lifeless—as if she were a dead saint—while all around her the supporting characters in the group jump to life. One of them, an informant on Leni, is a peppery old ex-Communist who now runs a newsstand but refuses to stock pornography. Böll gives a brief sketch of this character, then has him say of German women: "They wear their minis and their maxis as dutifully as they used to wear their chaste little blouses."

Group Portrait With Lady is full of fine, small things like this, and yet it falls short of being the magisterial overview Böll intended—the working through to an unsentimental sense of value redeemed from a dirty past in the personage and body of one middle-aged

'Regiment of Women'—*"Horrible, mirror-image state of affairs."*

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woman. Böll's failure is not so surprising, for the most recent books of Nobel laureates are rarely their best. It is in his earlier short novels, and especially his short stories, that Böll has excelled. The immense novel does not seem to come as naturally to him as it did to his predecessor, Mann, or his younger contemporary, Grass. Which is not to say that he does not deserve the prize –a dubious blessing for a living writer anyway. It is true that Böll has not written a *Magic Mountain* or gotten down into the pit, like Grass, to wrestle with the German language in order to remake it. But he has done his part, and sometimes quite artfully, to dispel amnesia, brutality, pedantry. Sporadically he has done it, too, in his dossier on Leni and her acquaintances.

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Doris Lessing, whose reputation also precedes her, has written a short novel, *The Summer Before the Dark*, about a woman who is in the eyes of the world saintly—or at least very kind, and extremely gracious—but who is actually ready to crack apart from the unpretty resentments, desires, and disruptive fears she has been keeping in check without knowing it during twenty-five years of marriage and motherhood. The situation as well as the story and what denouement it has were clichéd—that is, universally recognizable by a certain class of people in our time—much before the women's liberation movement turned it to ideological purposes. So as might be expected, Kate Brown, Lessing's heroine, is forty-five years old. She is the mother of four children, the youngest of whom is nineteen, and the wife of a neurologist whose career is at high tide. Suddenly one summer Kate finds that she is no longer as "necessary" as she used to be: The children take off for various parts of the world, and her husband eagerly accepts an invitation to teach in the United States. At the same time, rather against her grain and at her husband's urging, Kate agrees to take on a temporary job with a rich international do-good organization. This allows and obliges her to get out of her suburban London house, travel by jet to Turkey and then to Spain, commence an affair with a younger American, and begin the descent into confusion, then sickness and the lucidity of madness and reconsideration. When autumn comes and the family draws together again, it is in for a rude surprise, for the sweet, protective wife and mother has metamorphosed into someone truer to herself; the symbol of this change is that she has finally let her hair go gray.

The situation and the story are as ordinary and familiar as can be; on top of that, they have been abused in the last few years to the point where only an unusually intelligent, gifted, and independent writer could make them look new again and painfully important. As Lessing showed in her famous work, *The Golden Notebook*, she has a keen, tough, passionate mind that slices many ways. She also has a sure mastery of her craft, a knowledge of ideologies and their attractions that is surpassed only by her final skepticism about all systems that categorize experience and lay down the law on how people ought to think or behave. In *The Summer Before the Dark* her powers are not diminished, and on all but a few occasions, they are equal to the dangers that she runs. If anything, the novel is even more convincing and artistically satisfying than *The Golden Notebook*, perhaps because of its compression. Mysterious illness, madness, memories, and dreams are swiftly and skillfully interlaid with a concrete visualization of the world as it is and as it manages, somehow, to continue functioning. Lessing knows, and can convey, not only the world of women, with its "cow sessions," but what until recently was known as the man's world—of jets, conferences, water pollution, and strikes, of population and cash transfers that take place across European borders each summer when the tourist season gets under way. This knowledge, and its esthetic completeness, lifts *The Summer Before the Dark* clear out of the smarmy realm of women's lib literature.

But, of course, like most books it will be bought and read mostly by women. Those who are feminists, and nothing else, will get no easy comfort from Kate Brown's story if they take it seriously. The hatred that Kate finally lets herself express toward men and toward marriage and the family surges out during the novel's crisis, when she is as crazy as she is clairvoyant. Only the thickest or most tendentious reader could believe that when Kate curses out her "wasted life," she is really rejecting all that she has been (and will, in large part, remain), or that as Doris Lessing's creature she is expressing the writer's acquired wisdom of men, marriage, and children. The serious young women who avidly read *The Summer Before the Dark* will find not a single satisfactory answer to their question, What must I do to have a happier life than my mother's? But they will, if they read with their eyes open, find several things more valuable than answers, and one of these is the sweet, affecting description near the novel's end of the relation between Kate and a young, rebellious, uncertain girl. The two share an apartment and confide in each other, so far as the gap of years between them permits. Without fracturing the artistic unity of her book, Lessing seems here to be speaking to those many young women who look up to her as a mythmaker and oracle of a renascent feminism. "Are you sorry you married?" the girl, who is trying to decide whether to marry, asks Kate. "I can't answer that," the older woman answers honestly and adds, "Where I think you may be wrong is that you seem to be thinking that if you decide not to become one thing, the other thing you become has to be bet-

"The world must be coming to an end. Nowadays, you can't tell the radicals from the conservatives."

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ter." Kate's non-answer and her opinion –which falls short of being good advice, like Lessing's novel—resolve nothing—and everything.

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THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION movement is the direct occasion for *Regiment of Women*, a fantastic novel by the American Thomas Berger, which is short on inspiration but makes economical use of what it has. The basic concept is simple. The time is the century after ours, and women have the upper hand. But instead of creating a good, peaceful society, as they have been saying they shall, they have just turned things around, so that the worst experiences and most fantastic fears women are supposed to be suffering at the hands of men are instead being visited on men. That is, they wear dresses and anxiously apply cosmetics, get goosed and mugged by female bosses and bums, bullied and bankrupted by their shrinks (female, of course); and when they lose their looks, they are castrated and left to work like oxen. Women smoke cigars, spit, curse, make war, run the FBI, and rape men by means of strap-on dildoes. This horrible, mirror-image state of affairs is international, Berger gives the reader to understand; the locale of the story, however, is mostly twenty-first century Manhattan, where you do not venture out-of-doors without a gas mask and which is separated from New Jersey by the Hudson Sewer, once a river. The story is about the rebellion of one oppressed, aging (twenty-nine going on thirty) Manhattan secretary (male, of course), Georgie Cornell, an unlikely Spartacus given to musing, as he adjusts his bouffant, that "he had seldom dated anyone who would *talk* to him, treat him like a human being; was that too much to ask?"

Especially in the first half of the book, this reversal of sexual roles is often close to collapsing into a poor joke, a gimmick. Moreover, the invention of anti-utopias is such a hoary literary activity that any new try must, unless it is a remarkable work of genius, painfully imitate classics of the genre. *Regiment of Women* is not nearly so thin and unrewarding as it initially threatens to be; yet it is finally not all that remarkable, either. Berger's debt to Orwell, Burgess, and Huxley, among others, is large and substantially damaging to his cause: Technological totalitarianism, test-tube babies, brainwashing, and the hopeless revolt of just one man—or at the most, one man with one woman, making love in the old, forbidden fashion—against the system, has long since become a literary formula, unpromising territory except for the hack or the pornographic science fictioneer.

Although Berger has a cruel imagination where sex is concerned and his novel is generously supplied with scenes that sadists and sufferers from nightmares should find exciting, *Regiment of Women* is no potboiler; and if it is pornographic, it is not so exclusively for purposes of titillation and exploitation. Berger means to make a sufficiently serious point: "Everyone," he writes, "was a monomaniac of some sort, working compulsively to affect someone else: to alter their personality, change their mind, catch them out, set them straight. Everybody else always *knew better* about sex, society, history, you name it—but always in a general way, with absolutely no acknowledgement of one single, particular, individual human being." This indictment goes for everyone in the anti-utopian society (and by evident implication, in ours), including the pathetic "men's lib" underground cell, to which Georgie Cornell briefly attaches himself before becoming disillusioned. If the reader patiently stays with *Regiment of Women*, some of Berger's detestation of ideology and his sinister mirth, which is at the expense of both men and women, begins to come across. The novel seems at times a comic strip, a morality tale, and even a love story. The solitary rebels, Georgie and his girl friend (a former FBI undercover agent), kill, rob, and flee into the deep Maine woods, re-enacting first the roles of Bonnie and Clyde and finally of Adam and Eve—beginning history all over again under conditions where one partner brings home the dead animals, because he is stronger and bigger, and the other partner gives birth, because only she can.

The trouble with *Regiment of Women* is not that it is ultimately an unabashed apology for a male-chauvinist-pig world view but that Berger has not infused his morality tale and love story with the power of language, psychological insight, and credible characterization necessary to save the fantasy from invidious comparisons with *Brave New World*, *1984*, and *A Clockwork Orange*. Nevertheless, as a sexy, brutal adventure story, *Regiment of Women* succeeds; no doubt it will make a colorful, maddening, ultraviolent movie. □

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Books in Brief

Current Books in Short Compass

ONE WHO CAME BACK
by Josef Katz
Herzl and Bergen-Belsen Memorial Press, 277 pp., $6.95

This diary of a concentration camp survivor was recorded almost immediately upon his liberation from a death camp. When Hitler came to power, Josef Katz was deported, along with his fellow Jews, from his native town of Lübeck, Germany. The next four years were to be spent in Nazi-built ghettos of Riga and Liepaja, in Latvia, and at slave labor in the concentration camps. The memories he set himself to record were unbearable to begin with; they are still so. But Mr. Katz has written with a painstaking economy, has imposed order on the chaos of experience in a way that is not often given to literature of this sort. One begins at the beginning: There is the deportation, the transport, the ghettos, the consuming, everyday fight to stay alive; there is even laughter and camaraderie among the sufferers. There is, always, the power of hunger. Mr. Katz has one of those photographic sensibilities that takes in all there is and gives it back in precise detail, the sort of memory that edits out the trivial but does not make the mistake of refusing small matters their importance. In the tide of that memory he has written an inordinately compelling book, one that testifies to the uniqueness of each man in that mass of men on whom the holocaust fell.

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THE UNGODLY
by Richard Rhodes
Charterhouse, 370 pp., $8.95

In 1846 the Donner party set out from Missouri for California. When they attempted to take a short cut to the territory that promised them free land and new beginnings, eighty-nine men, women, and children of the party found themselves trapped in the canyon wilderness some seventy miles short of California. There they were to stay trapped for months by the November blizzards. In the end, there was only a handful of survivors to tell their story of slow starvation, and of the grisly means by which the living were forced to sustain life.

There have been other books about the Donner party, including one book-length poem, but none that approach the fine literary nerve of Mr. Rhodes. The names, dates, diaries, and letters used here are authentic; but Mr. Rhodes has attempted a fictional recreation of the Donner party, rather than a history, and it has come off with remarkable success. The pacing is near flawless. The patient extrapolation of character from diaries, letters, and the yet more vague clues of rumor and history, has about it that imaginative confidence that assumes control over every element of a work. This was called authority once: There are not many writers of fiction who exhibit so much of what that word can mean as Mr. Rhodes does here. It means an absolute disregard for the dangers of being thought difficult, and a healthy respect, as well, for the obvious. It means an utterly reliable sense of commentary, of how much may and may not be said. These are the things that make Mr. Rhodes the sort of writer he is, and make a reading of this work the extraordinary experience it is.

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HOW PEOPLE CHANGE
by Allen Wheelis
Harper & Row, 269 pp., $5.00

Mr. Wheelis's subject is freedom and necessity, those strangely polar forces in psychological life. The psyche balances the restrictions that are imposed on it by both the self and external necessity. There is value in knowing the difference between the two sorts of restrictions even if, as Mr. Wheelis suggests, mere knowledge of that "insight" so prized by psychotherapists is, by itself, of little avail in making a patient change. But Mr. Wheelis (a therapist himself) is not a lecturer on the virtues of one mode of therapy over another. He is a more than usually interesting recorder of psychological experience, a good portion of it his own. In "Grass," an autobiographical section that deals with his childhood, he sets forth the terms by which a boy becomes, for the rest of his life, a prisoner of his father's cruel morality. One does not easily forget the dignity and the torment of the youth, who performs hard labor all one summer, under the eye of a malign intelligence that has arranged, in a half-conscious way, to establish its power for good. One can know, says Mr. Wheelis, that such power over one's self exists; the anxiety that sometimes seizes his heart, in manhood, tells him that the hand of his father is still upon him. Knowledge of crippling inner forces enlarges one's choice; one can, with effort, choose to behave in ways opposite to the dictates of an inner tyranny. The neurotic must want to change, and to act upon that wish steadily, even in face of the fact that his success may be partial. There is something brave in the voice of this book, something resonant, without flourishes. If Mr. Wheelis's point of view is not altogether unique, there is that part of him, which may, for want of another term, be called grace of mind, that makes it seem so.

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THE SEARCH FOR ANNA FISHER
by Florence Fisher
Arthur Fields Books, 272 pp., $6.95

At the age of five, an adoptee discovers the papers that tell her she is not the child of the parents she knows. It is not too early an age to absorb the meaning of the word *adopted* and to then draw upon that meaning in the course of a childhood spent at the hands of hostile, alien-seeming parents. Though they are aware of her discovery, both of them go to their graves without conceding a word of truth about the circumstances of her birth to their, by then grown, daughter. By the time she is thirty, Florence Fisher has set herself the impossible task of haunting social agencies (all of which were hostile) and of searching through hospital records and telephone books in the hope of tracking down her real parents. The effort is near hopeless because of the iron-bound ruling that governs social agencies: No adoptee is ever to know anything more of the circumstances of her birth than the fact of the adoption.

The course Miss Fisher runs is cruel and arduous. It is twenty years of combing old neighborhoods with scraps of papers; of false leads and near misses; of rebuffs from lawyers, doctors, and the people in charge of records, before she finds her mother. Even then, it is only out of a combination of chance, need, and the most extraordinary persistence that first one, then both parents are finally found. It is a slow, often painful story, but the search and the character of the searcher are the stuff of which drama is made. It is a simply told tale, one whose resolution it is impossible to be indifferent to, and whose rendering of an adopted child's view about the mystery of who she comes from, imparts that sense of truth—the feeling that this must be the way it is and not otherwise, —that comes upon a reader when human experience has been accurately given.

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Booked Ahead

Notes on Forthcoming Books

Literary Light

George Mackay Brown is a fifty-one-year-old poet, born in the Scottish Orkney Islands, and still there, where he surely must qualify as the leading literary light, with five books of poetry, two of short stories, and a book of essays. His *Poems New and Selected*, coming from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich on August 8, are mostly intensely local poems of fishermen and farmers, with strong overtones of religious myth. But the poem that stands out for me is one founded on Ronsard's "Quand vous serez bien vielle," which was also the inspiration for Yeats's famous poem beginning "When you are old and full of sleep . . ." Interesting to compare them (you have the Yeats somewhere):

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

Some night when you are gray
And lonely, by muttering flame
(Closed your sweet womb,
Your breasts fallen away,

The rose of one tremulous day
Haunting that loaded room)
Take up my book with your name,
Turn yellow leaves and say,

"That spring, whatever the parish talk,
We made one blessed rhyme
On a shaken branch of love.
Then the eye of the hawk
Down the huge convex of time
Measured our dove."

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Noodling

The non-fiction book that gave me the most pleasure in 1972 was *American Popular Song* by Alec Wilder. I spent hours noodling through it at full hum. This year we'll have *They're Playing Our Song* by Max Wilk (Atheneum, August 9), which hasn't the style and wisdom of Mr. Wilder's masterpiece, but is great fun. These are tape-recorded interviews with and about the Broadway/Hollywood songwriters: Dorothy Fields, Ira Gershwin, Betty Comden, Frank Loesser, Stephen Sondheim, and many others. Reading it, I simply had to dredge up and run through such songs as "Cheerful Little Earful," "Crying for the Carolines," "You're an Old Smoothie" that haven't surfaced in years. Good anecdotes: David O. Selznick, to whom nobody said no, tells Jerome Kern, "I'm doing a picture called *Ebbtide*. Play me some melodies." And Kern, a difficult character, replies, "I'm sorry, I don't play samples," then walks out. And Sammy Cahn, asked the familiar question about which comes first, music or lyrics, answers, "I'll tell you which—*the money!*" And Abel Green, the late editor of *Variety*, muses:

> I think songwriters have the greatest obituaries in the world. When a songwriter dies, the minute you read the list of the songs he wrote, you start to identify with him. All those titles, they strike nerves inside of you. It's like Noel Coward said in one of his plays—the remarkable power of cheap music. People read the obit and they respond, "Oh, my God, he wrote *that*. I remember the first time I heard that song, I was at a dance with a girl. . . ." To remember what each one of his songs did to you is like running through the chapters of your own autobiography.

Sexy

On August 17 Doubleday will bring us *The Compleat Belly Dancer* (Okay fellows, let's all call a stop to spelling *complete* like that, shall we?) by Julie R. Mishkin and Marta Schill. This is the second book this year on that interesting region; Drake Publishers recently had *The Serena Technique of Belly Dancing: The Fun Way to a Trim Shape* (and *please*, let's stop using *fun* that way!) by Serena and Alan Wilson. I wish someone could find a less inelegant name for the operation. In French there's *dance du ventre*; to the Arabs it's *beledi* (BEL-ah-dee); and there's also abdominal dancing, Oriental dancing, Middle Eastern dancing—just don't call it hootchy-kootchy. Both books insist that the main point of it all is to tighten up the flab, but I don't care what they say—I think it's sexy. Drake held a party for their book, and, believe me, it was quite a sight to watch Serena and a dozen star pupils going through their writhes simultaneously. One of the pupils, to my surprise and delight, was an erstwhile stiff young matron whose black-tie dinner parties I have attended.

Paperback Pleasures

Things are changing; you don't expect an important book to appear first in paperback, but here's Timothy Leary's long-awaited *Confessions of a Hope Fiend* as a $1.95 Bantam original. How he hopped the clink in California, shaved his head, and deeply disguised as a businessman, made his way to Algeria. . . . Ah, Paree in the Twenties! How many books! Here's a really good one—Canadian poet John Glassco's *Memoirs of Montparnasse* (Viking Compass Books): meetings with George Moore, Frank Harris, Robert McAlmon, and unfavorable portraits of Gertrude Stein and Hemingway. . . . How can you tell a good French restaurant?—"a small menu, darned tablecloths, and an old dog on the premises. . . ." And then there's Summerhill educator Alexander Sutherland Neill's *Neill, Neill, Orange Peel!* (Hart), the original edition of which was favorably reviewed in these pages about a year ago.

Switch Hitters

You'd think that being a poet was enough, but, no, here are all these women running around writing novels, too. There's Maxine Kumin, who just won the Pulitzer for her poetry, Margaret Atwood, Joyce Carol Oates, and Erica Jong. And here comes Marge Piercy, whose *Small Change* (August 17) is billed by Doubleday as redefining the meaning of a "woman's book." A fat novel, it seems to be about a housewifely young woman who becomes more or less radicalized, and a radical woman who becomes more or less housewifely. Thomas Pynchon, who hasn't been heard from since the fantastic reviews for *Gravity's Rainbow*, gives it an enthusiastic plug. How did they find him?

WILLIAM COLE

THE U.N. & THE OCEANS

What should be the division of jurisdiction between States and the international community with respect to the resources of the sea-bed, the living resources of the sea, and various uses of the sea?

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WAKING UP DREAM STREET

by Henry Hewes

A "Broadway show" carries the connotation of a work of popular appeal produced so skillfully that it is able to thrive in a jungle of honking traffic, dazzling competition, and sharp critical onslaughts. To succeed on Broadway is still the exhilarating, supreme test for playwrights, actors, and producers.

In recent years, however, the odds against such success have increased to the point where everyone involved recognizes that something must be done. Something must be done, not just to make the theater community happy, but because the viability of one of the world's great cities desperately requires the restored health of its legitimate playhouses.

THE VALUE of the property now occupied by these playhouses averages about $2 million each, which means that unless theater owners can net $150,000 a year operating each playhouse, they would be better off selling the property and earning 8 percent on their capital in some other line of business. During the 1972–73 season, at least twenty-one of thirty-three Broadway playhouses earned well below the $150,000 mark. And if the situation fails to improve, these theaters will have to give up, leaving Broadway with only twelve theaters, ten of which will be located in one small rectangle whose perimeter is Forty-fourth Street, Eighth Avenue, Forty-fifth Street, and Broadway.

If this should happen, fewer theatergoers would go to a shrunken Broadway area, and inevitably the quality hotels, restaurants, and shops would have fewer clients. The fear, already partially realized, is that the area from Forty-first Street to Fifty-third Street could become a tiny oasis of theaters surrounded by a wasteland of sleazy stores, massage parlors, creep hotels, and movie houses showing films of crude pornography and violence.

Because this would be a catastrophe for New York, its culture, and its tourist trade, the city and other independent organizations have for sometime now been at work to bring about something more desirable. William Bardel, director of the city's Office of Midtown Planning and Development, is convinced that Broadway is simply going through a difficult transitional period enroute to a building renaissance. The beginning of that renaissance can be seen in the new Uris and Minskoff office buildings where, thanks to an ingenious scheme worked out by Richard Weinstein and the Urban Design Group, the City Planning Commission has traded builders the rights to build extra floors of office space in return for including new theaters in their buildings.

Such a trade is also being proposed in the plan to erect a fantastic new luxury hotel on Broadway between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets. Although almost everyone welcomes the prospect of a hotel that will pour more than 2000 affluent people into the theater district every evening, there is great concern about the loss of three playhouses (The Helen Hayes, The Morosco, The Bijou), which will have to be razed. Some who cherish the assortment of low-rise theaters feel that the city should declare the Broadway theaters historical landmarks, buy them at fair prices from their present owners, and lease them to theater operators. Others would be content to lose the three theaters, provided they were replaced with at least two new theaters in the hotel, suitable for the presentation of intimate plays. And there is the strongest feeling that the exterior of the new hotel should be designed in such a way that it contributes to the incandescent signorama of the great white way.

Another projected addition for a more pleasant theater district is a pedestrian mall, which would be created by rerouting downtown traffic on Broadway to Seventh Avenue at Forty-eighth Street, leaving the three blocks between Forty-eighth and Forty-fifth Streets free of automobiles. Further ahead is the anticipated benefit of the new Convention Center, to be built at the foot of Forty-fifth Street by 1976. And the ultimate expectation is that as soon as the economy improves, a multiplicity of new high-rise buildings will replace most of what is run-down and unattractive on Broadway.

IN THE MEANTIME, everyone recognizes the need for finding a healthy formula for the Broadway theater and here again much is being tried. One can quickly cite some of these efforts:

• *Preproduction support for worthy plays.* The Theatre Development Fund buys in advance up to $25,000 worth of seats at the box-office price from producers. TDF then redistributes these tickets at the reduced price of $2.50 each to students, thereby building audiences for the theater.

Tim Boxer

Times Square Theatre Cent

• *Discount theater ticket center.* At Forty-seventh Street and Broadway the New York City Cultural Council and the TDF have set up a trailer, where bargain hunters can buy tickets at reduced prices to many shows on the day of performance. This not only provides extra revenue to the producer with unsold tickets on his hands but encourages people of limited means to come to Broadway to see a show, instead of making one trip to buy tickets in advance for a particular hit and a second trip to attend.

• *Increased street safety.* Mayor Lindsay has augmented the Times Square police force, and street crime is down 20 percent. The Times Square Development Council has raised $40,000, with which it has purchased and installed extra lighting on the side streets in the area. Despite all the jokes about mugging, the odds against being mugged in the Broadway area are 400,000 to 1, and even greater safety will be enjoyed by theater patrons who do not get drunk, or become involved with prostitutes.

• *Making Broadway more attractive.* The TSDC has decorated the Broadway traffic islands with flowers and purchased two special sanitation trucks to keep the Broadway area neat. OMPD's

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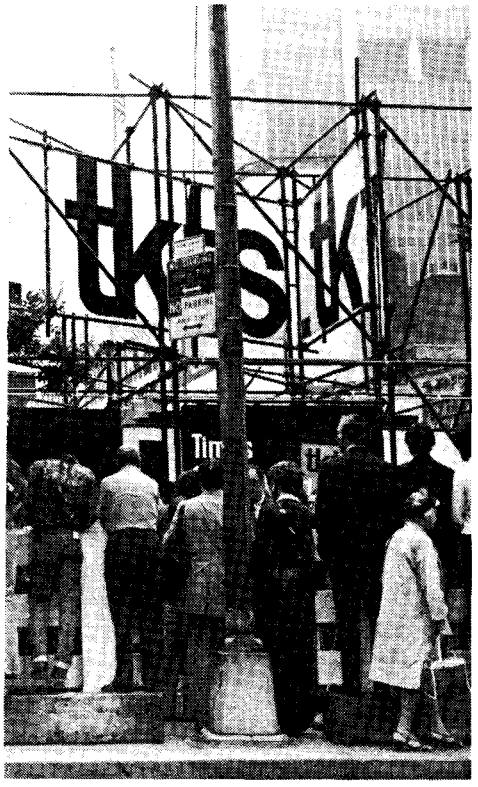

Tickets sold at reduced prices."

Bardel also has seen to it that the outward appearances of pornographic establishments are as inoffensive as possible, and whenever one of these places is closed, he has persuaded the landlords to paint over any unattractive remnants.

• *Restaurants.* Broadway has lost a few restaurants like The Lobster that depended on business at adjacent theaters. However, self-service, low-price eating places like Tad's or Horn and Hardart's remain. Several restaurant chains have moved in with moderate-price dinners. And gourmets may be surprised to learn that there are now nineteen restaurants in one block on Forty-sixth Street west of Eighth Avenue. A new wrinkle is the sidewalk cafe in Shubert Alley, across the street from world-famous Sardi's.

• *Parking.* Although parking is outrageously expensive, there is, ironically enough, plenty of parking space. As the Environmental Protection Agency's regulations reduce the volume of traffic, competition should drive the rates down. Meanwhile producer David Merrick has had considerable success with offering purchasers of orchestra tickets to *Sugar* a $2.50 rebate on their parking fees. This idea could be expanded with municipal support.

Although city agencies and organizations like the Theatre Development Fund have helped considerably, there remains the fact that theater producers, who in the past have worked competitively on a one-show-at-a-time basis, haven't yet got together to promote all theatergoing and to publicize the aforementioned virtues of Broadway. Nor have they given sufficient consideration to cooperative schemes for efficient operation of their playhouses.

A RECENT THOUGHTFUL and challenging article by Walter Kerr in *The New York Times Magazine* suggested that "Broadway" should move to the East Side, with what he admits is a blue-sky subsidy of $400 million from somewhere. That is what it would cost to build again the assets Broadway now possesses. What he did not say was that with a smaller subsidy the present Broadway might be made to work.

Although strict constructionists may bridle at subsidizing enterprises that might put money in private pockets, there are precedents—such as the tax benefits granted to oil well drillers and their investors in other risky but necessary projects. When one hears that Broadway's most successful producer of musicals, Harold Prince, had the greatest difficulty in raising the money required to produce this season's Drama Critics Circle Award-winning *A Little Night Music,* it is clear that new inducement to theatrical investing is urgently needed—a cultural oil well tax break, in other words.

It can also be pointed out that an amazingly large portion of the current Broadway menu exists only because of the efforts of non-profit institutions. *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* (Urban Arts Corps), *Grease* (Kingston Mines Inc.), *That Championship Season* (New York Shakespeare Festival), *The Changing Room* (Long Wharf Theatre), *The River Niger* (Negro Ensemble Company), and *Uncle Vanya* (Circle in the Square) are just a few of this season's shows that were directly or indirectly subsidized.

The case of *Uncle Vanya* is significant. Because it offered stars George C. Scott, Nicol Williamson, and Julie Christie the opportunity to play substantial roles for a strictly limited period of two months, these luminaries could afford to take the time off from more lucrative film work. And their presence in the cast prompted a virtual sellout of the attraction before it opened. But more important than the economics was the level of excitement generated at performances in Broadway's new Circle in the Square—Joseph E. Levine Theater. Coproducer Ted Mann attributes this not only to the quality of the performances but to the fact that, through regular operation of his theater over a four-play season, they have succeeded in creating a young, alert audience for classics performed not just by stars but by stars who are also accomplished actors and actresses.

Uncle Vanya proves that genuine excitement can still be created on Broadway. It should be born in mind, though, that *Uncle Vanya* will end up as a deficit item—and was made possible only by the grants Circle in the Square receives and by the nominal rental contract the non-profit theater enjoys.

What is distressing is that a show like *Warp,* which also turned on young audiences, failed to last because it did not have similar rental, subsidy, or star-name advantages, which might have permitted it to run long enough for word-of-mouth to overcome a mixed critical reception. And a trivial but amusing British comedy, *The Jockey Club Stakes,* which did get mostly favorable reviews, was unable to find the older audience it needed. Here were two viable shows, one of which had run a year in Chicago, and the other more than a year in London, that somehow couldn't be merchandised successfully in New York.

One wonders if perhaps the system of trying to sell theater tickets by shockingly expensive, competitive advertising that reprints critics' extravagant blurbs is no longer effective for customers made wary by the exaggerated claims made in the relentless, interruptive bombardment of TV commercials. Why must every new product be better than any other, and why is buying it so urgent that we cannot wait until we feel like buying it?

I RECENTLY VISITED London and found that, with virtually no large quote ads, every theater was occupied and doing sufficient business to make a profit. But more astonishing still was the fact that although the majority of the shows were modestly entertaining, few, if any, would draw the kind of rave notices the present Broadway merchandising system requires to make the same show run in New York. London, of course, has cheaper seats and theater owners who can survive with lower rentals because of full occupancy, bar receipts, and sales of programs. Furthermore, the London theatergoer is someone who goes to have a night out, rather than to rush to the latest hit in time to be able to discuss it at the next cocktail party.

Fortunately there are signs that Broadway is waking up to the need for a large-scale change that will involve the utmost cooperation among producers, who in the past have fought against one another for the big killing. It will also demand the utmost support by government and foundations, who recognize that Broadway is a priceless resource that belongs to all our citizens. □

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Photographs: George Hern

Collonges-la-Rouge—*A red village bubbling up out of the archives of the mind.*

TRUFFLES AND FLOURISHES

by Horace Sutton

It is the international cocktail whisper that *tout Paris,* as one calls the anointed set that charts the new directions for the bourgeoisie—which is to say, the rest of us—has discovered the Dordogne, the splendid valley that provides a cradle for one of the longest rivers in France. Françoise Sagan has taken a country place in this *département* of southwestern France, leading the pack into uncharted reaches even as Jolliet probed the mysteries of the Mississippi more than 300 years ago.

Of course, it must be reckoned that the Dordogne is all but pickled in châteaux, most of them seasoned stone quarried in medieval times. During the Hundred Years' War, that spluttering conflict of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the French and the English built fortified villages here, called *bastides,* many of which have survived six centuries of ensuing civilization. And then there are the caves and crannies along the limestone cliffs that face the Dordogne and its tributary, the Vézère, which were the habitat of prehistoric man.

One might be less inclined to cry Eureka! than to wonder what took those stylish Parisians so long to discover this pocket of magnificent landscapes seamed by winding rivers, this collection of postcard villages, this mother lode of castles, this treasure house of prehistoric relics, all preserved in an enclave awash in a sea of truffled gastronomy. Oo-la!

Perhaps the preservation of the Dordogne derives from its relative inaccessibility. There are no large hotels, no Great Walls of condominiums, no big cities. One must come in from Bordeaux, two-and-a-half hours toward the west; or from Brive, just to the north, which has a fast train connection to Paris; or from Périgueux, on its northwestern flank; or fly in as far as Cahors, on the south, or Bergerac, on the west. Once one is inside the territory, it is almost essential to probe the Dordogne by car, available from Avis in Bordeaux.

When I was abroad in those purlieus the other week, the tiny town of Le Bugue provided a handy bivouac for forays into the caves and the countryside. There are fewer than 3000 inhabitants living in town, but the Royal Vézère Hotel is new and trig, and if it can not be classified as a charming country inn, it has all the equipment for comfort—swimming pool on the roof, discothèque in the cellar, snack bar opening on the plaza, dining salon with a highly acceptable cuisine (a Lou Magret, a peppery duck, was grilled to pink perfection), and comfortable rooms that hang over the Vézère River.

Le Bugue has its own prehistoric engravings on the walls of the Caverne de Bara-Bahau, discovered in 1951, but visitors who would poke among the traces left by prehistoric man might well start in the National Prehistoric Museum at Les Eyzies-de-Tayac nearby.

To preserve a certain air of antiquity with little offense to the countryside, the collection has been mounted in the old chateau of the barons of Beynac. First built, in the eleventh century, as a fortress, and restored half a millennium later, the chateau has been fitted into a niche in a cliff above the town. An outsized statue of primitive man stands on a ledge, its head drawn into its shoulders in what may have been the origin of the traditional French shrug.

Some 1270 locales, where primitive man lived, worked, died, or was buried, have been uncovered in the valley of the Vézère, the world's richest trove of prehistoric remains. Anthropologists first took notice of the Vézère in 1862 when a piece of shaped flintstone and part of a deer horn turned up in a local music store. Edouard Lartet, working with his English friend, H. Christy, was among the earliest scholars attracted by the finds. In 1868 during the building of a railroad line between Périgueux and Agen, laborers at Cro-Magnon, near Les Eyzies, came upon the bones of several human skeletons, as well as the bones of animals. Louis Lartet, Edouard's son, arrived to supervise the excavation. The discovery became known as the Cro-Magnon man, an advanced race that replaced the Neanderthal man. The bones were believed to be 35,000 years old.

The showcases installed in the old chateau of the Beynac barons display bits of bones of goats, horses, deer, wolf, and fox; a detailed carving of a bison couchant; the molars of an ancient mammoth; the skeleton of a bear; the skulls of a Neanderthal and a Cro-Magnon man. Perhaps the most affecting of all is the exhibit of the Sepulcher of Saint Germain la Rivière, discovered in the Gironde in 1934. Before a rustic stone monument lies the skeleton of a young girl, legs bent, arms folded. Alongside her is the skeleton of a faun that was buried with her and a dagger made of deer horn. A necklace of deer teeth, the roots perforated, had been hung around her neck. The whole ensemble had been colored with red dye, probably iron peroxide. Even in prehistory, primitive man seemed to believe in life after death.

Two dozen caves in the valleys of the Dordogne, the Vézère, the Beune, and Dronne were decorated by prehistoric man. The pictures on the walls are mostly of animals, particularly bison and deer, placed there, possibly, as a mystical harbinger of good hunting. The most celebrated paintings line the walls of Lascaux, about fifteen miles north of Les Eyzies, a cave discovered by boys in 1940 when their dog fell into a hole. After the war the caves were opened for public view; but despite great

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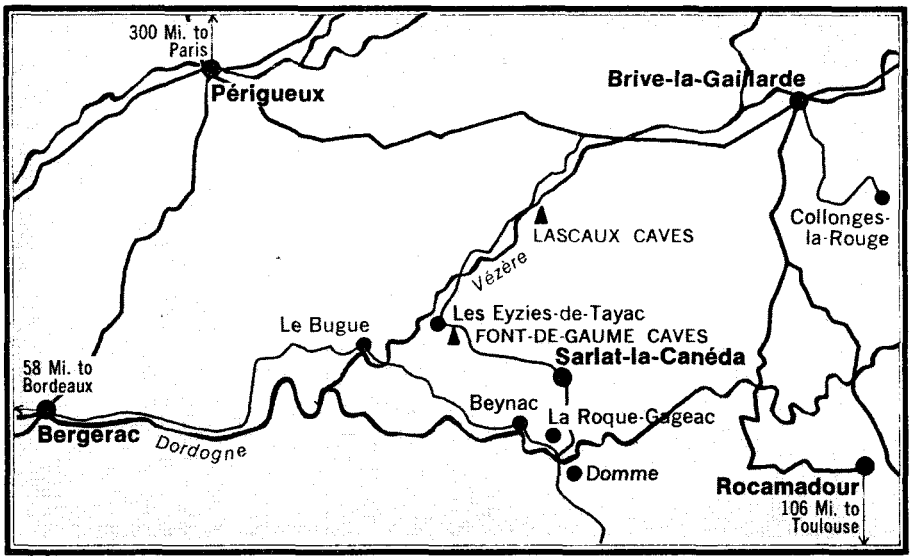
care the paintings began to show signs of mold, and they were finally closed to the general public in 1963.

Font-de-Gaume, less than two miles from Les Eyzies, will provide a handy example of prehistoric art, enough to satisfy the curiosity of all except serious students. Visitors have to walk along a path etched into the valley, a slippery procedure when the rains are heavy. And like almost everything else in Latin Europe, the caves are closed for lunch from twelve until two. The lectures are in French, but a strong light is played on the paintings, and that graphic view, along with a quick briefing from the English language booklets on hand at the museum or at the entrance to the cave, will reward anyone with an ear unattuned to rapid-fire French spewed by a singsong guide.



Bob Pelletier

A VISITOR DETAINED in Les Eyzies until the cavekeeper of Font-de Gaume has had his lunch, or the traveler who would be immersed in prehistory and advanced cuisine, might seek shelter in the Hotel Cro-Magnon, a vine-covered nest not far from the site where the Cro-Magnon man was found. Étagères filled with bits and pieces of prehistoric relics are part of the decor of an upstairs salon, and the fourth wall of the hotel itself is the rock of the cliff, left exposed in places to remind clients that they are living in the heartland of the reindeer-hunting cavemen.

Although the Cro-Magnon has a lovely terrace for luncheon or tea, it should not be dismissed as an overnight inn. The addition of a swimming pool and an ivy-covered, white-shuttered annex in a park have made it an off-trail retreat where American and English families often arrive for three-week holidays. How the long-staying guests manage the menu, an elaborate affair sprinkled with truffled dishes, is something of a puzzle. For the serious, short-term eater, there are sweetbreads with truffles and *foie gras* (in Périgord style), *tournedos Rossini* (the heart of a filet of beef with sautéed *foie gras*), and that celebrated culinary curiosity, *truffles sous la cendre*, which figuratively means truffles cooked in the ashes. There are few wood fires nowadays, but the hotel has created a fine compromise by encasing a large truffle in light *mille feuille* pastry and cooking this turnover inside an envelope of sealed kitchen paper. The paper is discarded at the table, and the top of the pastry crust is opened to admit a flood of *sauce périgueux* to which a brown sauce has been added. Eleven dollars a serving and a thirty-minute wait do nothing to detract from a moment of high Dordogne gastronomy.

I found myself less enthusiastic over *pommes Sarladaises aux truffes*, which at nine dollars an order, are rather bland and expensive potatoes-and-truffles, intended to be an accompaniment to a meat dish. Truffles are also added to pure duck liver, to *pâté*, omelets, and, as well, cooked in port wine. One can be assured that any dish marked *truffe* will be, as the British are so fond of putting it, a bit pricey. A celebrated fungus, truffles are mined out of Dordogne earth from mid-November until mid-February, usually by rooting pigs, from which the truffle, once shuffled out of the earth, is quickly snatched away lest it be devoured by an ambulant roast of pork instead of a biped gourmand.

Table d'hôte menus, with or without a truffled dish, are on the card at Cro-Magnon at anywhere from eighteen to forty-eight francs, which, depending on the rate of exchange of the day, is roughly $4.25 to $11.50. A double room will cost about $21, with an added $46 a day for meals for two. Prices are comparable at Centenaire, which, like Cro-Magnon, gets a star from Michelin.

The delicacies of the Périgord are a movable feast, and anyone who rolls down to Sarlat, fifteen miles away, will be all but assaulted by the many food shops, particularly Delpeyrat on the rue de la Liberté and Lou Périgord, which have tins of truffled goose liver, canned *confit, d'oie*, candy and cordials made of the Périgord's black walnuts. Eating in the grand fashion of the Dordogne, whether on location or back home, is not an inexpensive pleasure. A tin of duck liver with truffles from which the artful cuisinière might extract ten slices, costs about seventeen devalued dollars.

It is much cheaper to window-shop, and Sarlat is an enchanting place to do it. One must get off the rue de la République, called La Traverse, the main modern concourse that splits the town, and explore the medieval houses along the crooked alleys and old streets. Among the turrets, arches, and canted towers of the old town, Sarlat stages classical plays during an annual festival the first week in August. In other seasons those who fancy sniffing among old stones ought to have a look at the Lantern of the Dead, a tower built to commemorate the miracles performed here by Saint Bernard, who stopped by in 1160, long enough to award curative powers to bread that he fed to the sick and crippled.

Sarlat's style is quite apart from the little towns to the south. Domme, a few miles away, sits high on a cliff, a bastide built in 1281 by Philip the Bold. The car winds uphill through the arched gateways and the narrow streets lined with ancient houses. Tourist shops infest the upper streets, but no matter; the view of the valley, with the winding Dordogne River below, is superb.

Just downstream La Roque-Gageac is pasted against the side of a rock face, a one-sided town of houses with red shutters, turret roofs, climbing roses, pecking roosters, and wheeling birds searching for a sanctuary amid the clutter of stone, high above the tourist line. A wire is strung across the river below to guide the small barges that cross to the beach on the far shore. But the Dordogne, as beautiful as it may be in the warm days of summer, can be a fickle friend. Markers on the buildings show it twelve feet above the road in 1866, and eight feet higher than the building line deep in the fateful winter of 1944.

No such fluctuations could concern Beynac, a few minutes away, where, in the thirteenth century, nobles built a fortified eyrie 800 feet above the curving Dordogne, from which they could survey the approach of hostile forces by river or by land. A long, winding road that entwines the cone of the hill like a curl of spun sugar, leads to the château. This

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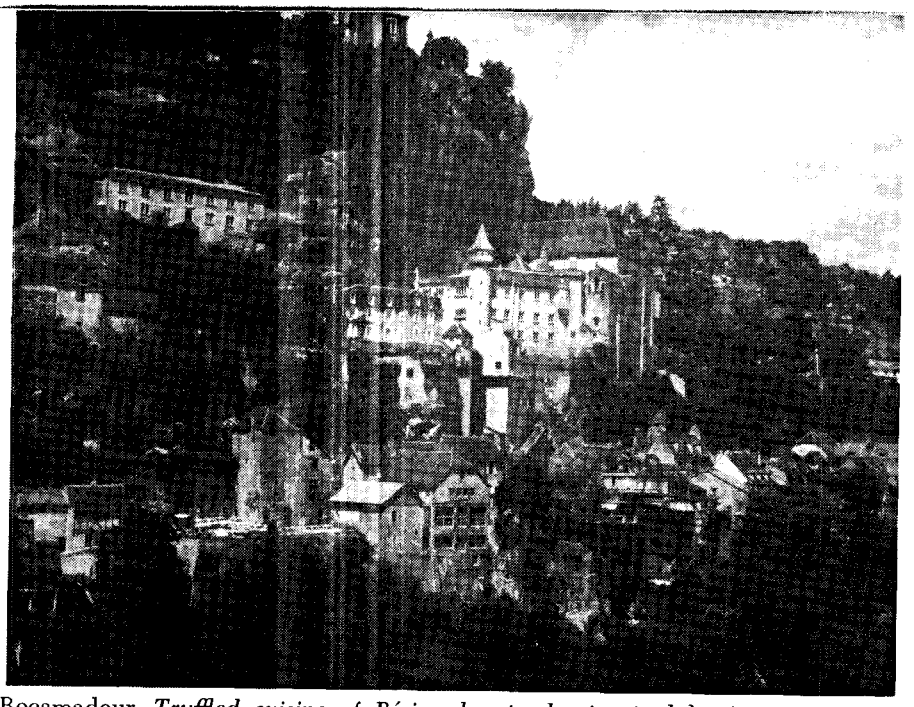
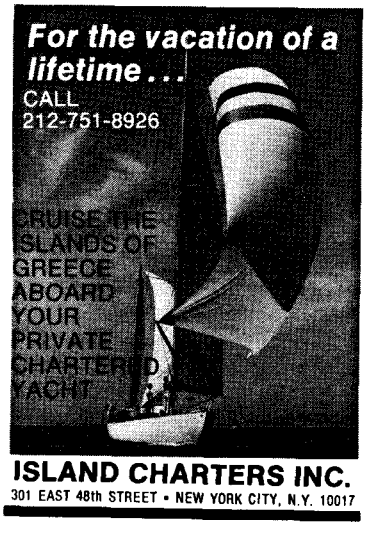


Rocamadour—*Truffled cuisine of Périgord, miracles inspired by Saint Amadour.*

eclectic fortress is open to the public, and guides will escort history mavens through the maze of halls, battlements, and adornments that embrace five centuries.

Rocamadour, forty miles west of Sarlat, gets a three-star flourish of trumpets from the wand-wielder at *Michelin* for its incredible location, hanging on the side of a cliff above a deep gorge. Four hundred feet below runs the River Alzou. Hundreds of steps up the Grand Escalier is the chapel in which the remains of Saint Amadour are said to be interred. Theories vary on who he was. One that had great currency held that the bones were those of Zacchaeus, a friend of Christ. In any case the presence of remains inspired a number of miracles that attracted the pious and favor-seeking royalty alike. Saint Louis never came here, some scholars now say, but the visitors included Henry Plantagenet, King of England; Philip IV; Saint Bernard; and assorted lesser notables. At its apogee in the thirteenth century, it brought 30,000 pilgrims at a time, few of whom could be accommodated in the village but many of whom mounted the stairs on their knees.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Since I first came here on a traveler's pilgrimage some years ago, the tourists have arrived in full array, and the lone street from which all ascents begin is a mass of souvenir shops and counters heaped with trinkets. The German and the Japanese tour managers have not put it on their itineraries yet, probably because the lone street is too narrow to accommodate buses. Nonetheless, it has a certain curiosity, especially if one is part mountain goat, and as a sign exhorts the visitor, "The stairway of the pilgrims is beautiful; the stairway is not the Himalayas; the stairway is free." Nonetheless, baggage going up to the little Hotel Ste.-Marie is hoisted by winch. Luncheon guests, and all others for that matter, will have to mount the stairs to the terrace above the valley where, along with a magnificent view, the management serves the cuisine of Quercy and Périgord—a *confit d'oie aux cèpes et pommes Quercynoises* (goose in its own fat with mushrooms and potatoes), truffled omelets, salad with walnut oil, and with its hors d'oeuvres, little cannon balls of mashed potatoes, called *petites pétanques*, cooked with the *confit*, then fried again, and anointed with vinaigrette. Pétanque is the name of a French bowling game that is allied to lawn bowls and bocce ball.

Few diners will be able to mount the steps to the religious halls high above the rocks after a *petite pétanque* or two, but there is an elevator now that rides to the top. Rooms for those who would collapse after an excursion to the heights are about $12 a night for two.

A score of years ago, when I first cruised through the Dordogne and the caves of Lascaux were open to public inspection (and a room in the Cro-Magnon Hotel at Les Eyzies was $2.50 plus $3.50 for meals), some patient guide, steered me to Collonges-la-Rouge, a village built entirely of red sandstone. The recollection of that visit came bubbling up out of the archives of my memory, and we made a detour to look at it once more. Aside from an outsized Kodak box hanging as a point-of-sale advertisement on a small stand, and the addition of a modest hotel, it seems quite the same, rural and red. The Romanesque church; the round, red towers, topped with cone-shaped roofs; the red stone fountain spilling water into the buckets of housewives; the flowers dripping over balconies, the bright green ivy against the red walls, give Collonges a curious and singular beauty.

Hardly more than a place by the side of the road that could easily be bypassed—one has to veer off the main route to fall into it—Collonges manages to stuff its lone hotel, Le Relais de St.-Jacques-de-Compostelle, all summer long. By late May it was already booked into September. Rooms cost about $12 (although there are some bathless ones for less), and full pension would add another $14 per person per day.

Long before it became a curiosity, Collonges, fortified by ramparts, bustling with 2000 inhabitants, defended itself against a variety of attackers in the Hundred Years' War. It remained a property of the Counts of Turenne until it was finally absorbed into France in 1738. Even in World War I the parish of Collonges gave thirty sons for, as the monuments to *poilus* always say, the glory of France. Now it has hardly 400 inhabitants, and all there is to keep it together are the visitors who come. The youngsters leave, and the big houses fall to wealthy new-found landowners from other places. "Collonges empties itself," a villager once told Freda White, the author of *Three Rivers of France*. Just down a narrow incline from the church are the elegant red remains of the Castel Vassinac affixed now with a name plate of the current *seigneur*, a doctor. The house from the outside is in good order. The slate roof has been laid, leaf upon leaf, like an artichoke. Overhead, white pigeons flutter out of the arches of the red belfry of the church. A rolling green terrace is spread like a carpet of Astroturf in back of the doctor's country manor, and over its velvety broadloom a magnificent peacock struts with authority and confidence, giving out waves of wealth and a sense of eminent domain. □

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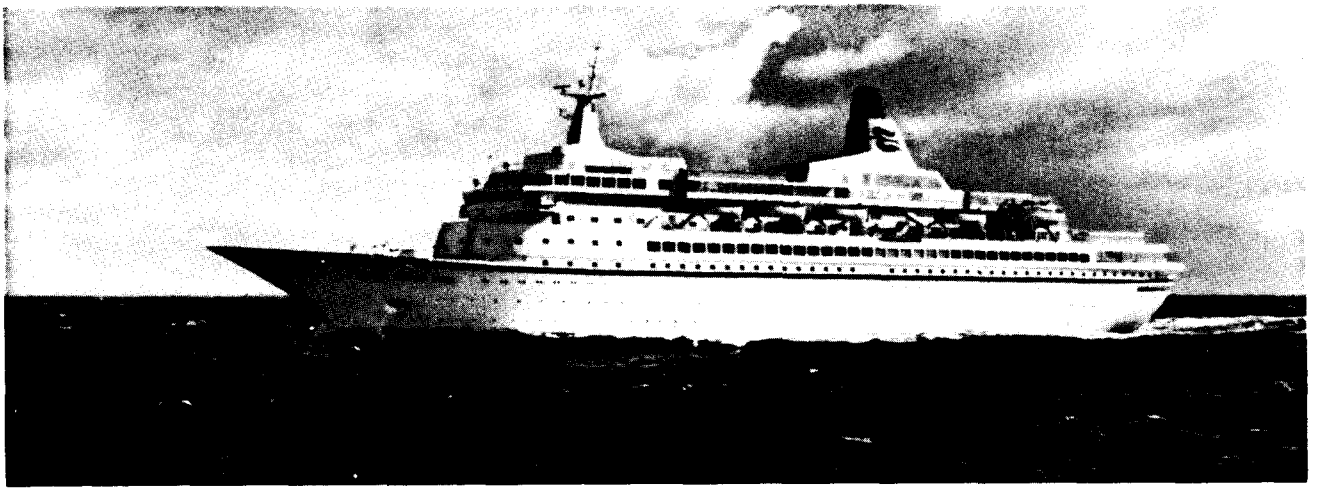

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SON OF SUPERFLY, GRANDSON OF SHAFT

by Hollis Alpert

Actor-director Ron O'Neal—*Superfly develops something new—a conscience.*

The hero of *Super Fly TNT* is a stalwart, flashily dressed hustler known as Priest, who, after breaking out of the rackets in Harlem, now operates in Rome. He was met earlier in the phenomenally successful *Superfly* and was easily identified by the ornate cocaine spoon he wore on a chain around his neck. That first film had a grainy quality of realism, a certain verisimilitude, that won it some critical praise as well as acceptance from a predominantly black audience. Its financing, gathered together by white producer Sig Shore, came largely from New York's black community. For the sequel no such independent financing was necessary; Paramount, rich with *Godfather* earnings, took on the project and enlarged the budget. Almost predictably, the new film is inferior. In fact, it is quite bad.

The continuation of Priest's adventures was assigned to Alex Haley, the esteemed author of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Haley, deeply involved in the uncovering of the African heritage of black Americans, decided to take Priest to Africa and give him something he had rather lacked before—a conscience. Unfortunately, the mixture of mayhem and morality he has concocted doesn't work dramatically. Unsatisfactory, too, is the direction by Ron O'Neal, who plays Priest in both films. Nevertheless, the character of Priest has its intriguing aspects and gives us some indication of how the black-film genre is developing. As is probably well known by now, the so-called black film is one of the safest investments for the present-day film industry. The audience is established, and the sex-and-violence characteristic of a good many of the products draws portions of the white movie-going population as well.

Priest's appeal apparently comes from the aura of *machismo* he emanates. In a hostile society, both black and white, he hustles to get the bundle that will enable him to emerge from his unsavory background. He scores and, in the new film, heads for Rome with his beautiful girl friend, Georgia. There he establishes himself in an interestingly decorated apartment, moves about in a Lamborghini, and tastes the sweet life of good food, wine, and an occasional sniff of cocaine. But not forgotten by screenwriter or director is that Priest must triumph over his white adversaries. As a poker player par excellence, he bets huge sums and wins. But he is bothered. Something is missing from his lifestyle, and that something is what he owes to his people. The plot takes him to a small African nation where white mercenaries are in control of the government and where the rebel force needs a man of his ability.

There's not much more to the story than that, and it's not enough for satisfactory screen entertainment. But, still, the commercial elements are there, and Superfly's adventures may well continue. The goriest sequence of the film, by the way, is the finale: Having been incarcerated and brutally beaten in his cell by the two white guards, Priest tricks and kills them. After this, he can go on to develop his new-found "conscience."

EQUALLY POPULAR as a character is Shaft, a black private eye who is on his third go-round in *Shaft in Africa*. The first two films, *Shaft* and *Shaft's Big Score*, netted MGM a badly needed $12 million. John Shaft is cast much more closely in the image of James Bond than is Superfly. Here we have the blending of the black genre with the fantasy-violence of the Bond series. *Shaft in Africa* is the slickest of the three made so far. If Superfly is a representative of an unlawful subculture, unconcerned with legalities or moralities so long as he dominates, Shaft, on the other hand, stays on the side of the law. He is, in fact, a white image of the superblack.

And this is understandable, since he is the concoction of a white production team. The character first emerged in a thriller written by Ernest Tidyman, who won an Academy Award for his screenplay of *The French Connection*. One of Hollywood's most experienced screenwriters, Sterling Silliphant, has carried him on in film and, coincidentally, has also taken him to Africa. The notion this time is that a group of Europeans, based in Paris, is recruiting cheap labor from an African country, transporting the men to France to work in virtual slavery. Shaft is engaged to gain evidence that will unmask the evil practice. He is to masquerade as an African slave and use a hidden camera and tape recorder to document the evil plot. Just as Bond is usually known in advance to his adversaries, so is Shaft. He must fend off at least a dozen attempts on his life. In fact, Silliphant, with a startling lack of imagination, has duplicated in Shaft most of the characteristics of Bond. He has an extraordinary way with women, and so potent is his studlike reputation that the oversexed white girl friend of the white villain must test his prowess before he is to be dispatched.

WHERE SUPERFLY is humorless, moody, and bitter, Shaft is good humored, flip, and quick witted. Both, of course, are deadly when the need arises. Superfly is faithful to his beautiful Georgia, but Shaft, like Bond, is not averse to sampling several such charms as they present themselves. First along is Vonetta McGhee, as beautiful a black actress as has yet appeared on the screen; she indoctrinates Shaft into some "native African customs" that include a session of lovemaking in an African tree house. Her

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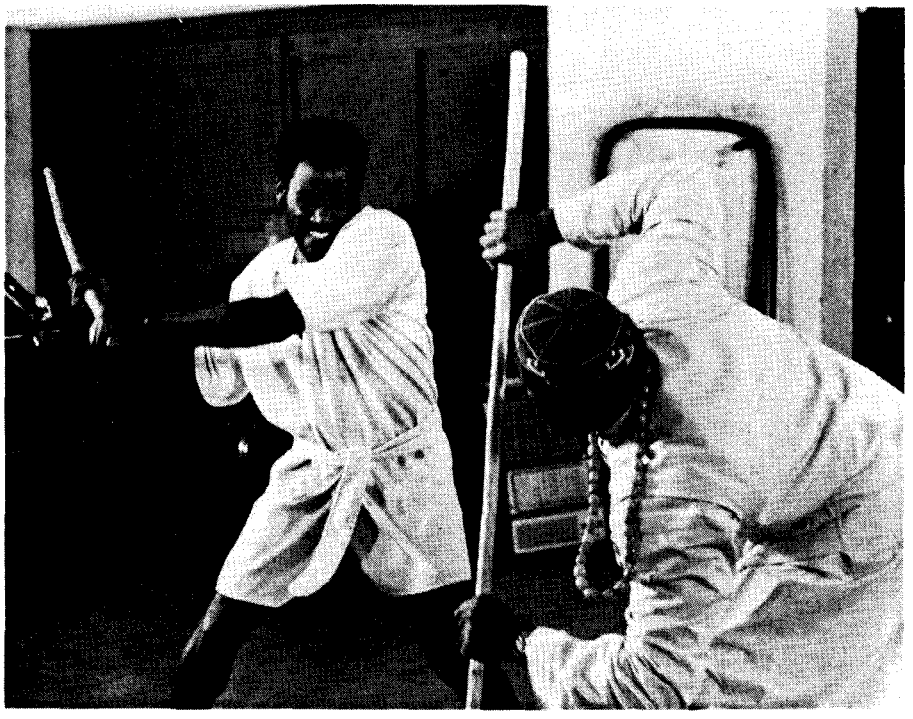
influence on him is so strong that when he meets the sex-hungry white girl, he at first spurns her advances. But the flesh is weak and at the same time strong, and when at last he undresses, the white girl is filled with awe at what he reveals. The humor of the scene is by no means lost on the audience. After having understandably shifted her allegiance to him, she is killed eventually by a dagger meant for Shaft, thus leaving the field open again for the beauteous Vonetta. And in true Bond style, Shaft goes on to destroy the slave ring with some fairly standard heroics. But as far as film-making techniques are concerned, *Shaft in Africa* is the most sophisticated and violently effective black film to date. Richard Roundtree is an engaging Shaft and gets smoother and more accomplished with each appearance. Come fall, he will bring *Shaft* to television.

AS THOUGH FOR purposes of comparison, we have on hand the eighth and latest of the Bond series, *Live and Let Die*. No series in the history of film has been as successful as this one. The previous seven, which began in 1960 with the modestly made *Dr. No*, have brought to United Artists' coffers well over $200 million, with television rentals as yet hardly tapped. Sean Connery, the original Bond, grew so rich, and perhaps bored, from six of those films that he retired from the character. A new Bond, in the person of George Lazenby, was tried and discarded, and now we have a third, Roger Moore, who is well known to television viewers from series such as *The Saint* and *The Persuaders*. In his early forties, handsome, tall and trim, handy with fast cars and (in the film) with slow women, he will hardly disappoint the devotees of the series.

The Bond films, produced by Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli, both American born but residents of England, are allotted budgets denied to less surefire productions in these stringent movie times. The new one used up $7 million and is set in New York, New Orleans, the bayous of Louisiana, and on the island of Jamaica. Curiously enough, in view of the two recently released films noted above, Bond on this occasion is posed against some villainous blacks. The Ian Fleming novel on which the film is based was written long before the emergence of black militancy, or at least before it became so prevalent in the headlines. Obviously there were problems in making the story acceptable to today's audiences. The Fleming thriller treated the blacks in rather scornful stereotypes. The film counters this by injecting a black CIA agent as an aide to Bond and by giving him a love affair with a black girl allied with the evil ones who are in control of a lush Caribbean island and a deadly crop of opium poppies. In addition, the script makes a figure of ridiculous fun out of a white Louisiana sheriff, who is totally nonplussed by the havoc Bond wreaks on a bevy of black pursuers.

Tom Mankiewicz, the script writer of the new film, seems to have concentrated his inventive powers on what I suppose is meant as humorous mayhem. The amount of destruction in *Live and Let Die* is astonishing. I counted at least eight airplanes, well over a dozen speedboats, several cars, an abandoned navy landing ship, and a double-decker bus. All of this involved considerable effort on the part of stunt men and special-effects teams. At one point speedboats leap out of the water from one bayou and grind their way to another. The bus, with Moore at the wheel, encounters a low bridge and loses its top half. Bond, left on a tiny island in the midst of a pond filled with 1500 crocodiles and alligators, makes his way to safety by using the backs of the reptiles as stepping stones. The picture is meant to be fun, to be more of the same old stuff, and, in that sense, delivers its money's worth. It includes a beautiful white priestess of the tarot cards (Jane Seymour) and a black voodoo priest (Geoffrey Holder), and at the end, just in case anyone assumes that superwhite has triumphed over superblack, we are flashed a view of the voodoo priest riding the bumper of a train in which Bond is relaxing with his latest lovely. These days, the formulas take account of both white and black, a kind of progress perhaps.

Richard Roundtree in "Shaft in Africa"—*"Deadly when the need arises."*



IS IT POSSIBLE to find peace in the cinema? Well, there is *Siddhartha*, made by Conrad Rooks from the Herman Hesse novella, a favorite of the Consciousness III crowd, which by now may well have evolved into something known as Consciousness IV. A few years ago, young would-be film makers would occasionally reveal to me their secret ambitions. One of the most prevalent was making a film from *Siddhartha*. Now it has been done, in India, with an Indian cast, quite simply, quite slowly, almost at a dreamlike pace—which, I guess was the intention. Siddhartha, a young Brahmin of some 2500 years ago, leaves his home to seek truth and a satisfying way of life. He starts out as a wandering sadhu, or monk, meets the Buddha, decides not to follow him, and instead heads for the city, where he meets the courtesan Kamela and learns the arts of love. But this palls, and after many years Siddhartha wanders once more, until he gets to the endless river, where he becomes a boatman. The allegory takes Siddhartha from youth to old age, in which, if he does not find meaning, he at least reaches harmony with himself. The film moves at a snail's pace which is of no help in achieving harmony with the audience, but it is quite beautiful to watch, mainly because the photography by Sven Nykvist (who was formerly associated with Ingmar Bergman) is utterly lovely. The sound track is interesting, too. Those surfeited with Superfly, Shaft, and Bond might find a haven of sorts by passing some time with Siddhartha. □

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JACQUES LIPCHITZ AT THE WHITE HOUSE

by Katharine Kuh

When I picked up the newspaper Memorial Day morning and read on the front page that Jacques Lipchitz had died in Capri May 26, I was filled with sadness, not just because the last great cubist was gone, but because this internationally admired artist had been an endearing friend, a salty combination of wisdom, poetry, optimism, and unexpected naïveté. Rather than write about his art and its wide influence, which is common knowledge, I prefer to recall a little-known episode involving Lipchitz and Lyndon Johnson in a somewhat unlikely misalliance. It was an event I participated in peripherally, only because a young White House aide happened to know me slightly.

One spring day shortly after Johnson's inauguration in 1964, I received a phone call from the aforementioned aide requesting that I recommend an American sculptor to design a medal that was being planned for high school students of outstanding achievement. The young people, to be known euphemistically (not to say pretentiously) as Presidential Scholars, were to be honored at a well-publicized White House ceremony with none other than the President himself officiating. Furthermore, the medal was envisioned as an annual award, at least during the Johnson administration, and was accordingly to be issued in a fairly large edition.

There were, however, certain stipulations. Since this was a new venture and one in which the President was closely involved, the artist had to be a recognized sculptor of importance willing to carry out the assignment without pay. Johnson wanted the work completed in record time so that awards to the honor students would coincide with the end of their school year. In addition, one side of the medal was to glorify a thirst for knowledge, the other to feature a portrait of Lyndon Baines Johnson.

I personally disapproved of the "no pay" clause and the demanding deadline, both of which I considered severe restrictions. Why the inevitable assumption that artists provide their services gratis while government officials are recompensed for theirs? Nonetheless I called back the White House, and after expressing my objections (which, alas, were brushed off), suggested Jacques Lipchitz as the sculptor who best met the required qualifications. Whether he would be interested was, of course, up to him. What had stumped me was the idea of a portrait, for at that time there were relatively few distinguished American sculptors interested in this field. Yet Lipchitz, celebrated as a pioneer cubist and later as an expressionist, had from time to time created faithful, if not always realistic, likenesses, the most memorable of which were two busts of Gertrude Stein. Moreover, here at last, I thought, was a chance for an outstanding portrait of a modern American President instead of the usual flaccid, flattering whitewash. A deplorable bronze head of Kennedy, kneaded into dough-like globs, had only recently gone on view in a New York museum. It would seem that, along with bank and university presidents, most top officials, no matter how strong their personalities, prefer to be remembered as benign stuffed shirts, and to be depicted the same way while alive. Do they think the public is reassured by these bland, blank images?

In an interview several years ago Lipchitz told me, "A portrait is a special thing that is not only a work of art but also has to do with psychology. Making a portrait is like getting married—you need to be nervously connected with your sitter. Sometimes it works; sometimes it doesn't click—again, just like a marriage. I feel strongly that the real ıspect of the sitter cannot be eliminated rom portraiture. When I was doing Gertrude Stein's portrait (you know, she lidn't like sculpture at all), we had nany conflicts. The first one I did of her n 1920–21 looked like a Buddha, but ater, in 1938, when I made another, she ıad become so shrunken that she seemed ike an old rabbi."

The White House asked me to call Lipchitz and find out whether he would ɔe interested in the assignment. I did nd also outlined my objections to him. His final decision was to take on the ıroject as stipulated. He made only one equest: that he be given no less than wo hours (not necessarily at a single itting) with the President in order to tudy and sketch his subject at firsthand. There was no reason, he added, for ohnson to stop working: Lipchitz ıerely wanted to observe him in person -which seemed reasonable in light of the rtist's attitude toward portraiture.

conveyed the message, and it was ecided the artist would leave for Washıgton the next day. At that time he lived ı Hastings-on-Hudson near New York City and since he didn't like flying, lanned to travel by train. I think there ere several reasons why he agreed to ıake the medal. First, he was touched ıat, though born in Lithuania seventyıo years earlier and having only settled ı America during the Forties, he still ad been chosen to represent the White Iouse. The war years and nazism had ruelly dislocated his life, driving him om Russia and later from France. hough already highly respected as a culptor, he was nevertheless exhilarated y recognition from the highest official f his adopted land. He regretted that is mother was no longer alive, for he aid it would have given her deep satiı faction to know he had been so honred. She was, he added, a persuasive

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force in clearing the way for him to become an artist; his father had wanted him to be an engineer. Meanwhile, like any other American, he was curious about Lyndon Johnson. Who was this new President? What manner of man? Then too, Lipchitz must have felt, quite justifiably, that the project could add to his already illustrious reputation. It is, after all, only recently that a connection with the White House has become more a burden than a blessing. And last, he undertook the assignment because he was a genuinely generous man; this was only one of many instances when he graciously gave his services.

He went to Washington, carrying with him on the train a sizable lump of damp clay wrapped in a bandanna cloth. With the clay he hoped to make rough sketches of the President, later to be the basis for his final portrait. He assumed, as I did, that appointments for one or two sittings had been set up and that he would need to remain in Washington no longer than a day or two. On arrival he went immediately to the White House, but that day the President was too busy to see him. Each subsequent morning Lipchitz returned lugging the clay, which he conscientiously kept wet so that it could be used at a moment's notice, but Johnson was never available. As I recall, four or five days passed in what seemed an aimless runaround. Obviously the President *was* busy. What was doubtful, however, was whether he even knew Lipchitz was there and, indeed, who this artist was. It appears unbelievable that Johnson would not have found time had he realized that an internationally renowned sculptor was being asked to cool his heels while waiting to do a favor the White House itself had requested. The whole episode was turning into a kind of royal command performance with a disturbing lack of courtesy for the performer.

The artist was advised by administrative aides to wait in his hotel room until he was called; the President would try to fit him in. After a few days Lipchitz phoned me. He was upset for several reasons, but especially because he was wasting valuable time. Since he planned to leave shortly for Italy in order to supervise the casting of various works, specific dates, including his sailing, had already been arranged. In addition, he was lonely. Occasionally, it is true, he was taken out to a perfunctory lunch, and once a party was given for him at the home of Abe Fortas, the only social occasion at which he was honored. Most of the time, however, he waited in his hotel room. When he phoned me I urged him to pack up and come home, which he agreed to do the next day, a Friday.

Shortly before he was to leave for the station that day, a call came from the White House; the President would be free to see him early in the evening. Lipchitz canceled his return reservation and, carrying his ubiquitous calico bundle, went to work. Johnson was occupied with a mound of official papers, but allowed the artist to set up a temporary table and embark on a clay sketch. Though it would be romantic to report that the two men enjoyed a warm conversation, I believe there was in fact relatively little give and take. Both, immersed in their immediate tasks, were hounded by the pressures of time. Well before the agreed two hours were up, Johnson indicated he must leave and told the sculptor to return the next day, if he wanted to. Lipchitz explained he could not, because Saturday was his Sabbath.

And so he came home, his preliminary work incomplete. But he was not bitter; he was fascinated by the experience and with his usual ebullience, forgot the days of waiting. For him, Johnson projected an unforgettable visual presence; he found him a man of such gigantic physical dimensions as to be overwhelming. "Everything," he told me, "is enormous—his feet, his hands, his head, his ears—well, you know, *everything*." The President reminded Lipchitz of a powerful bull, a figure of consummate strength. And this is how the artist depicted him. The portrait on the medal shows Johnson's face in profile, details eliminated and the sheer sweep of his head a manifestation of authority. Though flawed, it is still a serious likeness of a determined, decisive man, a potent interpretation that calls up memories of autocratic Roman rulers. How Johnson felt about the portrait I do not know.

But I do know, according to certain members of the White House staff, that both he and they were irritated because Lipchitz gave an interview to a newspaper columnist who had heard he was in Washington and got in touch with the sculptor. Eric Goldman, at that time handling cultural affairs for Johnson, suggested it was hardly cricket to use a contact with the presidency for personal publicity, a somewhat ironic nicety since a medal featuring Johnson's portrait was not exactly an act of reticence. One must ponder the double standard that in this case permitted a famous politician to exploit the opportunity for useful public exposure while denying it to a famous artist who needed exposure no less.

This small story about Lipchitz at the White House is far from apocryphal. It does, however, imply the lonely isolation of presidential power, though it is not for that reason I recount it. It is because of Lipchitz, because of his warm curiosity, his humanity, his emotional involvement in life, his ability to accept and savor each experience as it came along, his almost gullible trust in art and fame. The medal for Presidential Scholars will not go down in history as a major work by him, but given the difficulties he encountered, it symbolizes both his persistence and humility. I especially remember the day he and I met at the New York foundry where the medal was being struck. He not only designed it; he patiently followed it through production. No chore was too menial for him. One cannot help but wish that some of those young, well-tailored aides at the White House could have seen beyond the artist's beret and calico bundle.

An afterthought—last June 4 *The New York Times* reported that 121 high school seniors had been named Presidential Scholars this year by Richard Nixon and were to be honored at a White House ceremony on June 19. No medal was mentioned. If any was given, it is highly doubtful that Lyndon Johnson's portrait adorned it. □

Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 25.
goer, ogre, gore, Ergo.

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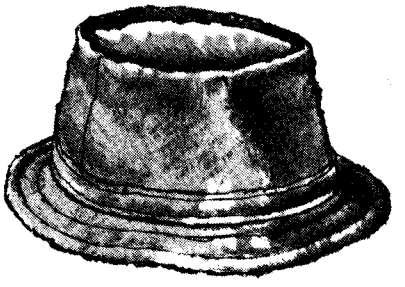

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CHOREOGRAPHERS AND THEIR CREATIONS

by Walter Terry

Jennifer Muller's 'Tub'—*"Dancers splash themselves and each other, soaking dresses and long hair."*

Jack Mitchell

George Balanchine, artistic director of the New York City Ballet and one of the great choreographers of all time, has created, from 1925 to 1973, 137 ballets! This does not include student works he did at the state ballet school in Leningrad or his later choreographic inventions for Broadway shows, opera, movies, and television. The compulsion to make dances, he once told me, came to him when a boy, while watching the miracle of girl dancers rising *sur les pointes* and into a new world of beauty. His great predecessor in Russia, Marius Petipa *(The Sleeping Beauty, Don Quixote)*, created more than sixty evening-long ballets plus countless shorter ballets, dances, and divertissements.

America's Martha Graham, in a choreographic career that to date has spanned fifty years (Petipa's output has also covered a half-century), has choreographed close to one hundred and fifty works. Her reasons? She speaks of her need "to give substance to things felt" and "to reveal the inner man" and of the "urgency to dance"; and she often has compared the agony attendant upon choreography to the labor of childbirth. Her predecessor, Ruth St. Denis, choreographed continually from 1896 until her death at ninety-one in 1968. Her choreographic heresy at the turn of the century, when dancing was supposed to be merely pretty, was that she wanted "to dance about God." Both St. Denis and Graham have thought of their dance theaters as temples: St. Denis peopled hers with gods and saints; Graham, with her "gods and demons." They, along with other choreographers, have, knowingly or unknowingly, harkened to the following choreographic image set forth in the Old Testament: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." This quote from Dan. 12:24 was one of the stimuli that encouraged the late Doris Humphrey to write a book of major significance to the world of dance: *The Art of Making Dances* (1959). In it she wrote not only about the craft of making dances but of the many inspirations that urge, even force, the choreographer to create. Miss Humphrey, who became one of the great choreographers of this century, was as a child inspired by music (MacDowell's "Witches' Dance," Sinding's "Rustle of Spring," and a Christmas carol) but went on, in her mature years, to find inspiration in more sophisticated music and, even more, in people.

This spring a vast panorama of choreographic accomplishments—as well as trials and errors—provided thousands of theatergoers in New York City and across the country with fascinating clues to what makes choreographers feel compelled to make their dancing charges "run to and fro."

Music clearly remains the chief stimulus but by no means the only one. This season we have seen the small, modest, charming Garden City Ballet, directed by Fred Danieli, in Gabriella Darvash's *Reminiscence* (Mendelssohn) and the internationally celebrated Stuttgart Ballet in John Cranko's *L'Estro Armonico* (Vivaldi). Both are fine examples of what Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn labeled, fifty years ago, "music visualizations"—that is, dances that mirror, in their choreographic progress of forms, rhythms, dynamics, melodic lines, and the meters, shapes, sonorities, phrasings, and even the textures of the scores themselves.

Of course, choreographic response to music need not be confined to "visualization." Even stricter confinement would be St. Denis's invention of the "synchoric orchestra," in which each instrument (or groups of the same instrument) would be represented by a dancer moving only to that instrument; freer approaches would be George Balanchine's concept of music as "the floor" of dance, relating movement to music, as in his great, romantic *Serenade* (Tchaikovsky) or in the spare,

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mood-heavy *Ivesiana* (Charles Ives). Balanchine, a music master as well as a ballet master, has unquestionably explored more motor responses to music than has any other choreographer.

Jerome Robbins places the pulse of music under the feet of his dancers and clothes their bodies and muscles with the flows and pauses of music in his new *An Evening's Waltzes* (Prokofiev) and in the haunting *In the Night*. In terms of music with, for, and under dancing, it was fascinating to see these ballets paired on the New York City Ballet program with Balanchine's perfect example of music visualization, *Divertimento No. 15* (Mozart), and that of visualization plus antic humor, *Danses Concertantes* (Stravinsky). It should be pointed out that choreographic concept means nothing without equal stature in performing, and so it was that in *Divertimento* only Melissa Hayden did full justice to both Mozart and Balanchine. ("The supreme misfortune," da Vinci once remarked, "is when theory outstrips performance.")

The choreographer may use music not only visually, "synchorically," or kinetically but in other ways as well. Miss Humphrey's choreographic response to Bach's Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor was impersonal, non-narrative, almost architectural, though Roland Petit's and Jean Cocteau's treatment of the same music in *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort* juxtaposed the purity of Bach with the passion, ugliness, and violence of a story of rejected love and suicide. Merce Cunningham, on the other hand, frequently separates music from movement so that each art expression in a work is totally independent of the others.

If music has inspired choreographers, dance and dancers, in return, have excited composers. In the Paris opera days of the early 1700s, it was said of the *première danseuse* Françoise Prévost that "composers write *passepieds* because Mlle. Prévost dances them with such fluent elegance." From those days to the present, when choreographers commission scores from major composers and promising newcomers, dance has given immeasurable performing exposure to musicians.

Beyond music, story, and incident, characters constitute another springboard for dance. St. Denis found her primary sources in drama. She once told me: "I start with an idea, and I try to put it in dramatic form. Then I search for the civilization that best reflects that theme. From there I go to period or era, select protagonists, determine settings and costumes, and, lastly, cast about for music (or commission music) that will support my dance drama."

Antony Tudor's masterworks have usually stemmed from dramatic roots, from concord and conflict among humans: *Lilac Garden, Pillar of Fire, Undertow*. Agnes de Mille, in her superb choreographic explorations of Americana, has turned to the intense drama of the Lizzie Borden murder case in *Fall River Legend*. And certainly the most popular of ballets, the great classics such as *Giselle, Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty, The Nutcracker*, are all story ballets, though their musical scores are both loved and distinguished. And Jerome Robbins's earliest triumph, *Fancy Free*, is first of all a delicious presentation of specific characters (sailors and their girls) in an incident (picking up girls during shore leave), with Leonard Bernstein's wonderful, jazzy score basically supportive.

In the new *Courante*, Ben Stevenson, one of the most highly gifted of today's young choreographers, was inspired by Bach (Cello Suite in G), but the choreographic fabric he came up with is an interweaving of dramatic incident and music: a lutist on stage plays the music, which, in turn, triggers the dancers (I saw this performed by Washington's National Ballet at the Kennedy Center) into all manner of amorous dalliance, from the refined through the prankish to the bawdy.

CRANKO, ALONG WITH his sensitive musicality, is also one of the best (perhaps even the best) dance dramatists of our day. His new version of *Swan Lake* makes more sense dramatically than do all other stagings, with the possible exception of the Ballet of the Stanislavsky Theater; his *Romeo and Juliet*, one of several splendid productions to the Prokofiev score, is not only brilliantly dramatic in terms of the two lovers but also in the realization of supporting roles, and even in the huge street and ballroom scenes.

Cranko and his Stuttgart Ballet, which played New York and other cities recently, inherits dramatic powers from historic sources. For it was in Stuttgart, in 1760, that Jean-Georges Noverre, the great reformer of ballet, wrote his monumental work, *Letters on Dancing and Ballets*. The great choreographer, who numbered among his most admired friends the composer Gluck and the actor Garrick, wrote:

> Dancing, according to the accepted definition of the word, is the art of composing steps with grace, precision, and facility to the time and bars given in the music, just as music itself is simply the art of combining sounds and modulations so that they afford pleasure to the ear. But the gifted musician does not confine himself to so limited a circle. . . . He studies the character and the accents of the passions and expresses them in his compositions. . . . The *maître de ballet*, striking out beyond the customary limits of his art, seeks in these same passions their characteristic movements and gestures. . . . Thus I explained to Gluck the characteristic air of the ballet of the savages in *Iphigénie in Tauride:* The steps, gestures, attitudes, and expressions of the different characters which I outlined to him gave to this celebrated composer the theme for that fine piece of music.

Traces, Cranko's new ballet to the music of Mahler (Adagio from the Tenth Symphony) is actually a dance of social comment, for it explores the very soul of a woman who has escaped physically from the prison horrors of a totalitarian country but who cannot escape the nightmares of memory. For catharsis, "she must come to terms with the agonies she has lived through." Marcia Haydée and Richard Cragun, stars of the Stuttgart, are the agonized, but romantically so, young lovers of *Romeo and Juliet*. They are also the tortured and tormented protagonists of *Traces*. (Tragically, for dance, Cranko died suddenly while in transit to Europe at the end of his U.S. tour.) Great dances of social comment may well need musical support, but the very core of Helen Tamiris's *How Long Brethren*, Charles Weidman's *Lynchtown*, Eugene Loring's *These Three*, or Alvin Ailey's *Masakela Language* is to be found in inequity, conflict, despair, and violence.

There is, of course, an endless array of stimuli, both inner and outer, for the choreographer's art. Props, for example, are very important to many of the avant-garde. Jennifer Muller's new *Tub*, choreographed for and danced by the Louis Falco Dance Company, is exactly that: a dance around a translucent tub, half-filled with water, in which the dancers splash themselves and each other, soaking dresses, trousers, and long hair. It's fun, much more fun than a lot of Falco presentations that, despite excellent performing, are too long and sometimes puerile. Hoops, draperies, and tunnels of plastic have fascinated choreographers, but so, too, have no-prop ideas, kinetic ideas, such as Humphrey's *Circular Descent* and *Pointed Ascent*. Individual bodies, with their exciting potentialities and delightful idiosyncrasies, have inspired almost every choreographer: Balanchine, Graham, Ailey, Cranko, Ashton.

Religion, magic, sex, the need for communication, physical energy, rhythm, drama, poetry, visions, fact and fancy, quests for beauty and for truth—these invite dancers, Graham's "divine athletes," to "run to and fro" so that "knowledge shall be increased." □

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BRITAIN'S BAYREUTH AND THE MARSHALLTOWN MAECENAS

by Irving Kolodin

Of all the composers born in the eighteenth century, only one, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, is annually honored by a festival (in his native Salzburg). Of all the composers born in the nineteenth century, only one, Richard Wagner, is annually honored in the town he adopted as his home (little Bayreuth in Bavaria). And although the twentieth century still has two-and-a-half decades to go, it is unlikely that any other composer born in it will usurp Benjamin Britten's unique place in that exalted company, with an annual festival at Aldeburgh (on the Suffolk coast of East Anglia).

Whatever comes about to spread Aldeburgh's influence wider or extend its activities overseas is matter for international attention. When the means of such dispersion is American, something special has been added to the world of music, world-wide. For those who may have missed the reason for these comments, it should be noted that the recent premiere in Aldeburgh of Benjamin Britten's well-received treatment of Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* was underwritten by the Gramma Fisher Foundation. The production will be transported to London for a series of performances at Covent Garden during the winter and then reproduced at New York's Metropolitan Opera in the fall of 1974.

This is not the first time a scenic concept originated abroad has found its way to an American opera stage. But it is the first time that an American foundation has participated in such an arrangement from the start. It is entirely in keeping with past performances that this initiative should be taken with the participation of the Marshalltown (Iowa) Maecenas, William Fisher, founder, director, and sole supporter of the Gramma Fisher Foundation. Lest it be supposed that the "Gramma" in Gramma Fisher is some form of acronym, or a borrowing from Greek (Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gramma?), it does, indeed, honor a gramma, as in Grandma Moses. The reason she is Gramma rather than Grandma is that this is the way things are ordered in Marshalltown, where Edna Fisher was a longtime resident and much beloved.

She was also the wife of J. H. Fisher, whose father founded the family fortune by inventing a control valve known as the Fisher Governor. Prior to her marriage, she earned a living singing in churches, for women's clubs, etc., in New York. When Marshalltown became her home, Edna Fisher continued to sing, though no longer for a living. William Fisher grew up to love music, especially vocal music, because Edna Fisher was his mother. Inasmuch as the Fisher governor is a complicated engineering device almost indispensable for the control of gases and liquids flowing through cross-country pipe lines, the family fortune grew even as Bill Fisher did. Fisher Controls was acquired by Monsanto in the late Sixties, enabling the foundation to extend its works beyond the beginnings of a decade or so before.

John Garner

"Death in Venice"—*Benjamin Britten's treatment was well received.*

The Gramma Fisher Foundation made its debut in music as sponsor of a Metropolitan Opera production in 1960. This was the first evidence of a series of collateral interests: the production of operas in which William Fisher has a particular interest and the furthering of career opportunities for young singers. A typical instance of their combination is to be found in the Metropolitan Opera Studio, of which Fisher's friend (and Rudolf Bing's former close associate) John Gutman was the founder.

However, Fisher is far from a partisan or opera in New York alone. He came o the assistance of Sarah Caldwell's Boston venture when it was near financial collapse in 1971, and he underwrote he Lyric Opera of Chicago's presentation of Wagner's four-part "Ring" cycle. Begun in 1971, it will be completed in 974.)

More recently Fisher has tended toward projects that will benefit audiences n more than a single center or make ossible the production of works that ight otherwise never make it to the tage. In the former category was the ennedy Center presentation, in 1972, f Frederick Delius's *A Village Romeo nd Juliet*. The exciting visualization ia back and front projections, devised y Ronald Chase, redeemed from nelect an atmospheric, musically eloquent ork long penalized by its lack of visual nterest. It was a condition of Fisher's nding that the projection scheme ould be made available to opera comanies elsewhere, with presentations arranged prior to the Washington Opra Society's venture) in Seattle, San Diego, and St. Paul.

It was in the O'Shaughnessy Auditorium of the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul that I had my introductory conversation with William Fisher. He was present for the first American production of the Danish Carl Nielsen's *Maskerade*, which had been waiting for a showing in this country since its Copenhagen premiere in 1906. Now that it was being produced, with the assistance of his foundation (among others), Fisher was not going to miss his share of its pleasure ontent.

Clearly, the involvement of the Gramma Fisher Foundation with the project at the British Bayreuth-by-the-Sea flows from a combination of at least two of its founder's predilections: the promotion of interesting works for more than a single, local audience.

An Aldeburgh production of the ailing Britten's latest stage work would doubtless have come about without Fisher's intercession. There are English resources for English ventures. But it is less likely that Covent Garden would have made an immediate place for *Death in Venice* on its schedule, or that an American showing would be arranged with the company of the premiere. In a nutshell, the Gramma Fisher Foundation has demonstrated how the crunch of cost that inhibits the production of new works can be combated, if not conquered. If a Monsanto affiliate in Marshalltown can do it, why not an Exxon affiliate in Buenos Aires or a Fiat sponsor in Milan? A Fisher by any other name would still have the sweet sound of wise and worldly philanthropy. □

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Eye on Chess: No. 29

"When I have White, I win because I have White, and when I have Black, I win because I am Bogolyubov!" This modest statement was more often true than not. During the late Twenties and early Thirties, Ewfim Bogolyubov was one of Russia's leading grand masters, and in 1929 he challenged Dr. Alexander Alekhine for the world championship. Alekhine won handily 11 to 5, with 9 draws, but Bogolyubov had the perfect explanation: "Alekhine must have read my book," he said. "I had no chance."

However, even before the book (and we don't know for sure whether Alekhine ever did read it), the world champion knew how to cope with this brilliant strategist. The game they played at Hastings in 1922 is considered by many analysts the greatest chess game ever played.

In 1914 these two chess greats found themselves in adjoining German prison cells; the outbreak of World War I had forced the cancellation of the Mannheim Chess Congress, and their nationality had made the two prime espionage suspects. Like the family on a picnic where each member thinks the other has brought the lemonade, neither Bogolyubov nor Alekhine had brought a chess set. *The result was complex and dramatic blindfold chess.*

Dutch Defense
Hastings, 1922

White: E. Bogolyubov Black: A. Alekhine

1. P–Q4	P–KB4	6. NxB	N–B3
2. P–QB4	N–KB3	7. KN–B3	O–O
3. P–KN3	P–K3	8. O–O	P–Q3
4. B–N2	B–N5ch	9. Q–N3	K–R
5. B–Q2	BxBch	10. Q–B3	P–K4!

The pawn is protected: 11. PxP?, PxP; 12. NxP, NxN; 13. QxN, QxN.

11. P–K3	P–QR4	16. P–B3	N–B3
12. P–N3	Q–K	17. P–B4	P–K5
13. P–QR3	Q–R4!	18. KR–Q	P–R3
14. P–KR4	N–KN5	19. N–R3	P–Q4!
15. N–N5	B–Q2		

The hallmark of master play; Alekhine stabilizes the center before attacking on the wing.

20. N–B	N–K2	25. PxP	BxP
21. P–R4	N–B3	26. N–B2	B–Q2
22. R–Q2	N–QN5	27. N–Q2	P–QN4!
23. B–R	Q–K!	28. N–Q	N–Q6
24. R–KN2	PxP	29. RxP	P–N5!

The first stroke of a master plan!

30. RxR (See Diagram I)

30. . . .	PxQ!!	36. R-QN8	B–N4
31. RxQ	P–B7!!	37. RxB	QxR
32. RxRch	K–R2	38. P–N4	N–B6ch
33. N–B2	P–B8(Q)ch	39. BxN	PxB
34. N–B	N–K8!	40. PxP	
35. R–R2	QxBP		

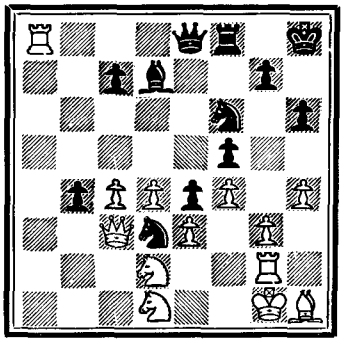


Diagram I

Not 40. P–N5, N–N5; 41. NxN, PxN, etc.

40. . . . Q–K7!!

White is in *zugswang!* If 41. N–R3, N–N5; 42. RxQ, PxR! and Queens. If 41. N–N3, QxP, etc. And if 41. R–R3, N–N5; 42. NxN, Q–N7 mate.

41. P–Q5 K–N!

41. . . . P–R4 looks good here, but see what happens: 42. N–R3, N–5; 43. N–N5ch, K–N; 44. RxQ, PxR; 45. N–B3 and White wins!

42. P–R5	K–R2	49. K–B2	PxN(Q)ch
43. P–K4	NxKP	50. KxQ	K–N2
44. NxN	QxN	51. K–B2	K–B2
45. P–Q6	PxP	52. K–K3	K–K3
46. P–B6	PxP	53. K–K4	P–Q4ch
47. R–Q2	Q–K7!	Resigns	
48. RxQ	PxR		

White must get a fourth Queen!

Sicilian Defense
Played Without Board or Set, 1914

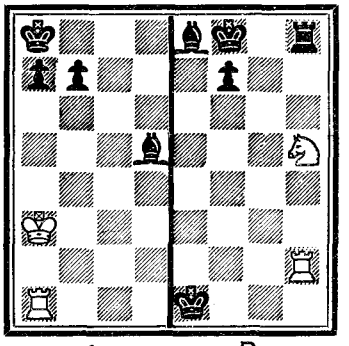
White: E. Bogolyubov Black: A. Alekhine

1. P–K4	P–QB4	22. B–B	BxB
2. P–KN3	P–KN3	23. KxB	B–R3
3. B–N2	B–N2	24. P–B4	N–B3
4. N–K2	N–QB3	25. R–Q	KR–Q
5. P–QB3	P–K3	26. N–K2	Q–N3
6. N–R3	KN–K2	27. K–B2	B–B
7. P–Q4	PxP	28. P–KR3	B–N5
8. PxP	P–Q4	29. Q–N2	R–B2
9. P–K5	O–O	30. P–R3	B–K2
10. N–B2	B–Q2	31. P–QN4	KR–QB
11. O–O	R–B	32. P–N4	PxP
12. B–N5	P–KR3	33. PxP	K–N2
13. B–Q2	Q–N3	34. P–B5	B–R5ch
14. B–B3	N–R4	35. K–B3	B–N4
15. BxN	QxB	36. N–KB4	NxKPch
16. N–K3	B–R5	37. PxN	R–B6
17. P–N3	B–N4	38. Q–Q2	KR–B5
18. R–K	Q–R6	39. N–N2	P–Q5
19. Q–Q2	P–KR4	40. R–R	K–N
20. N–B3	Q–R4	41. R–R3	PxN
21. KR–QB	B–QR3	Resigns.	

FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

Primer on Chess No. 18

When in the course of chess events you are tempted to place your Queen or Rook in line with your King, be especially careful of a pinning maneuver by your opponent. And, of course, be on the *qui vive* for a lapse by your opponent so that you can subject him to the same turn of the thumbscrew. Consider the situation in Diagram A.



A. B.

It is White's move; so the play is R–QB2. Now if Black responds with . . . B–B3, White plays RxB, and the pin is still in force. (Black's best move in this situation is an immediate . . . QxRch with winning chances.)

Frequently a pin is only effective if the active cooperation of one or more of your pawns is involved. Consider the position in Diagram B. When White plays R–KN (pinning the Bishop to the King), Black can protect his Bishop with . . . P–B4 or . . . P–R4. But now White slips a dagger in the ribs, with P–B3. Even though Black can move up the other pawn, the Bishop can't be saved; being pinned, it can't be moved and must shortly fall with PxB. True, the White pawn is lost, but this is a significant gain for White. And pawns, like attorneys general or members of the White House staff, are expendable.

Remember the two sides to the coin; you may end up on the receiving side of this ploy if you are not constantly alert. When you play over grand-master games, you will notice how infrequently they place their Queens in front of their Kings. Indeed, some of their moves that seem inexplicable at first glance, such as K–R in a castled position, are precautionary and designed to give the pieces greater mobility by reducing the chances of having them fall victim to a pinning ambush. F.W.H.

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Light Refractions

Authorities Talk Updated

The Watergate hearings have yielded a stunning display of Authorities Talk, that sterile speech in which *people* are *individuals, cars* are *vehicles, no* is *negative,* and so on. Former CIA men seem to talk that way. I wonder if active CIA men do, too. It seems to me that anyone who works as a spy would profit by learning to talk like an ordinary, everyday person, just to keep from blowing his cover.

In the training of a CIA operative, there should be courses in the casual, unpretentious use of the English language. Perhaps there are such courses, but it now seems more likely that we are to be so bombarded with Authorities Talk that we'll come to consider it quite normal. We've heard otherwise articulate news commentators lapse into it lately.

Listening to the early Watergate witnesses, I began to think "then" and "now" had become archaic. They were superseded by "at that time" and "at this time," which in turn have been superseded, at least in the Watergate hearings, by "at that point in time" and "at this point in time."

"At that point in time" has the virtue of sounding precise. Time, as the fourth dimension, is arrested very specifically at a point—an infinitely fine mini-moment during which an undiscovered number of angels may or may not be dancing in 0/0 time. The trouble is that "at that point in time" is used in virtually every instance to refer to a vague period (not point) of anywhere from a few days to several months. So whatever virtue "at that point in time" has over "then" is vitiated.

Jeb Stuart Magruder, in fact, referred to a "point in time" when there was active, vocal, and sometimes violent opposition to the Vietnam war. That would cover two full presidential terms, at the very least. Some point!

"At that time" and "at that point" are both useful phrases, of course, as in "*At that time*, I was working for the Wetsy-Betsy Doll Company. I was a bugger on their breaking-and-entering team connected to their inter-enterprise espionage division. As part of our game plan, we broke into the Killer Kommando Fun Toys building. We were apprehended by an individual whom I surmised was a security guard, and *at that point*, I foresaw implications that the operation, which I had considered a legitimate function of the free enterprise system, might be criticized by a hostile judiciary."

As a substitute for either of the italicized phrases, "at that point in time" would be completely inappropriate, but that wouldn't deter anyone properly versed in Authorities Talk.

I'm sure everyone's noticed that, in addition to its several traditional meetings, savory and unsavory, *bugger* has acquired a new one: one who engages in bugging. Not very savory.

"Watergate" may well become a verb. I remember, in 1951, hearing a young lady who was being badgered by her boy friend on the question of her recent whereabouts. Suddenly, she'd had more than enough, and in angry retaliation, she cried, "Don't Kefauver me, dammit!"

So, "to Kefauver" became a verb, however briefly. "To Watergate" will probably have at least a flash-in-the-pan existence. It's not hard to imagine, a few years from now, reading in the paper that a group of wiremen have been caught in the act of Watergating some office or other.

YOU PROBABLY noticed that my Wetsy-Betsy Watergater said "an individual whom I surmised was a security guard." That's standard Authorities Talk. The improper use of "whom," as in "an individual whom I thought didn't belong in that particular area," is as predictable as the use of the subjective pronoun in any and all cases when two people—pardon me, *individuals*—are mentioned: "We took he and his wife to dinner that night"; "the alleged suspect accosted Officer Corrigan and I"; etc.

There's also the all-purpose first person singular pronoun: myself. Anyone who's not quite sure whether to use "I" or "me" assumes that "myself" will cover any situation. Being neither subjective nor objective, it will serve for both, presumably. "Myself and my partner descended from the vehicle," or "he was looking in the general direction of myself." This latter is a doozy. The speaker has just muffed the opportunity to speak simply ("he was looking in my direction"), and finding himself precariously close to saying, "he was looking in the general direction of me," which is almost unutterable, he grabs the nearest substitute, the serviceable *en tout cas*, 'myself."

That's the real trouble with Authorities Talk. In avoiding the simple ways of saying things (for fear of sounding simple? or of sounding human?), its practitioners come out sounding pompous and, I'm afraid, not very bright.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

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Double-Gram No. 29

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 J	2 P	3 Y	4 D		5 O	6 X	7 A	8 W	9 R		10 B	11 P	12 K	13 T	14 Y	15 F		16 U	17 H		18 L	19 B	20 P		21 D	22 X	23 E	24 T		25 G	26 Z¹	27 M	28 N	29 A	30 F
	31 P	32 N	33 X		34 L	35 Z	36 U	37 A	38 Z¹		39 V	40 Q	41 G	42 U	43 S	44 Y	45 R	46 I	47 H	48 O	49 P		50 P	51 D	52 Y	53 B	54 F	55 L	56 T		57 X	58 D		59 I	60 K
61 T	62 S	63 B	64 N	65 Q	66 P	67 H	68 Y	69 M	70 O		71 V	72 Y	73 D	74 A	75 L	76 S		77 M	78 B	79 P	80 I	81 Z¹	82 G	83 H	84 V		85 Q	86 Z¹	87 J	88 A		89 L	90 V	91 E	92 B
93 C		94 Z¹	95 D		96 W	97 Y	98 G		99 N	100 V	101 D	102 I	103 C		104 Z¹	105 O		106 W	107 Y	108 D	109 X	110 E	111 G		112 Z¹	113 D		114 Y	115 X	116 J		117 N	118 E	119 Z	120 L
	121 M	122 Z²		123 R	124 E	125 M	126 W	127 K	128 Z²	129 O		130 X	131 N	132 W	133 Y	134 Q	135 V	136 G		137 O	138 U	139 K	140 P	141 E	142 X		143 Z	144 S	145 O	146 G	147 R	148 Q	149 C		150 Z¹
151 O		152 B	153 M	154 Z	155 U	156 E	157 O	158 V	159 X		160 K	161 X	162 C	163 Z	164 R		165 Z²	166 M	167 F	168 I		169 E	170 V	171 X	172 S	173 C	174 R	175 Z¹		176 T	177 Y	178 B	179 D	180 U	181 V
182 Z	183 F	184 Q	185 W	186 A		187 N	188 Z	189 X		190 K	191 N	192 B	193 Z²	194 G		195 T	196 E	197 I		198 F	199 G	200 W	201 D		202 J	203 K	204 X	205 S	206 Z²	207 E		208 Z²	209 Q		210 X
211 N	212 Z	213 D	214 T		215 T	216 Z	217 B		218 N	219 H	220 I	221 J	222 Z²	223 E																					

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate what WORD a particular square's letter comes from.

The diagram, when filled in, will read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Thought

B. Tragedy by Euripides

C. Southern triangle of Israel

D. Breach, violation

E. "Till ___ stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat" (Kipling, ballad of "East and West"; 3 wds.)

F. Capital of West Pakistan

G. Pebble or boulder having a single facet formed by windblown sand

H. Orleans' river

I. In general

J. Strainer

K. "Soapy" Williams was noted for wearing them (2 wds.)

L. Armed guard

M. Strident

N. Scene or occasion of suffering

O. Disposes of deceptively (2 wds.)

WORDS

7 29 37 74 88 186

192 217 53 63 78 152 178 10 19 92

93 103 149 162 173

213 4 58 73 101 113 179 201 21 51 95 108

110 124 141 156 169 196 23 207 223 91 118

167 183 198 15 30 54

194 82 136 146 199 25 41 98 111

219 17 47 67 83

46 59 80 102 168 220 197

202 221 1 87 116

60 127 139 160 190 203 12

75 120 18 34 55 89

125 153 69 77 121 166 27

99 64 187 211 28 117 191 218 32 131

137 157 48 70 145 129 151 5 105

CLUES

P. Lessen, make easier to endure

Q. Light, four-wheeled carriage

R. Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*

S. Aloof

T. Covers closely or thickly

U. In heaven (2 wds.)

V. Iniquitous

W. "Welcome, thou kind deceiver! / Thou best of _____" (Dryden, *All for Love*)

X. What the tendency or probability is (4 wds.)

Y. Discourse containing urgent advice

Z. What the "owlet Atheism" cries out (Coleridge, "Fears in Solitude"; 3 wds.)

Z¹. Unwarrantable or presumptuous claim

Z². Prove to be erroneous

WORDS

11 50 79 140 2 20 31 49 66

65 85 40 134 184 209 148

174 9 123 147 164 45

76 144 205 43 62 172

56 195 215 13 24 176 214 61

138 155 16 42 180 36

39 181 71 90 135 158 170 100 84

96 106 126 185 200 8 132

161 57 130 210 115 204 171 6 159 33 109

22 189 142

3 177 97 72 14 114 52 133 107 68 44

216 188 119 182 212 154 143 163 35

26 38 175 94 193 86 150 112 104 81

165 206 122 128 208 222

(Answer to Double-Gram No. 28 appears on page 4.)

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STUDIES ABROAD

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It's our South Pacific. We know where the memories are.

Australia.

Buy this hunter's boomerang for $3.50. It's made in the Outback, from wood that sharpens like steel. And it really does come back. The man who sells it to you will tell you why. We'll take you there any day of the week from Los Angeles.

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Take home a little wooden kiwi, our own flightless bird. Maori natives carve them. Youngsters love them. And at $1.50 each, so will you.

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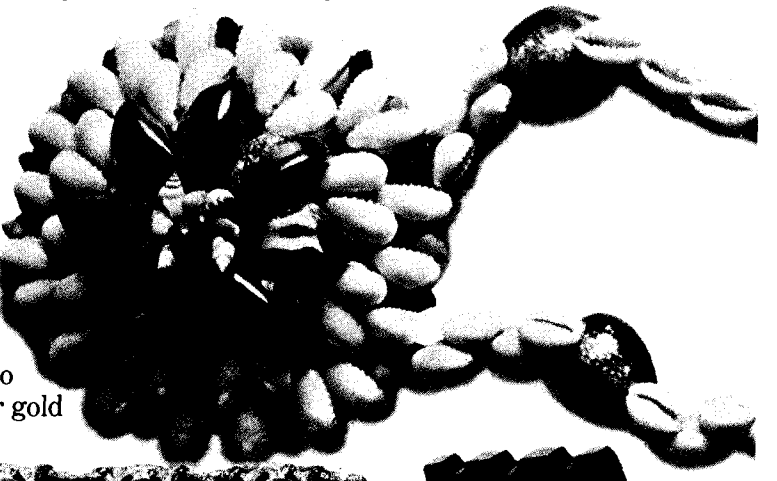
When you leave, friends you've made say goodbye with a lei of shells. While you're there, buy several of these spectacular necklaces, fashioned entirely of shells from the lagoon. One like this costs $2.00.



New Zealand.

Our South Island's most beautiful jewelry is made with greenstone, the jade of the South Pacific. Craftsmen carve it into beautiful pendants or set it in silver or gold for necklaces and bracelets.

New Zealand.

Near the city of Rotorua on our North Island, Maori guides will lead you through their geyser park and take you into the wood carving school. You can buy statues and masks and shields and replicas of ancient canoes. We fly to North Island seven times a week.

Samoa.

Reach into the clearest water in the world and pick up incredibly beautiful shells. The experience is priceless. The shells are free.

Fiji.

These primitive masks come in all sizes. Natives carve them from soft nawa-nawa wood and sell them to collectors for as little as $1.75, as much as $20. We can take you through Fiji from Los Angeles and Honolulu, on your way to Auckland.

air new zealand

The first DC-10s to our South Pacific.

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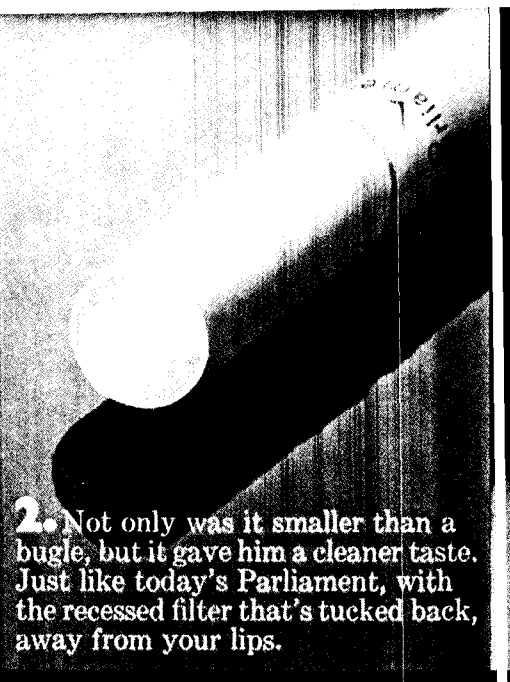
1. Colonel Jeb Lee never led a charge without his cigarette holder.



2. Not only was it smaller than a bugle, but it gave him a cleaner taste. Just like today's Parliament, with the recessed filter that's tucked back, away from your lips.

3. With Parliament, you never taste a filter. Just rich, clean flavor. Now ol' Jeb would get a charge out of that.

The Parliament recessed filter. It works like a cigarette holder works.

Kings: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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